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SEPTEMBER 1911

BOOKMAN

MORLEY ROBERTS

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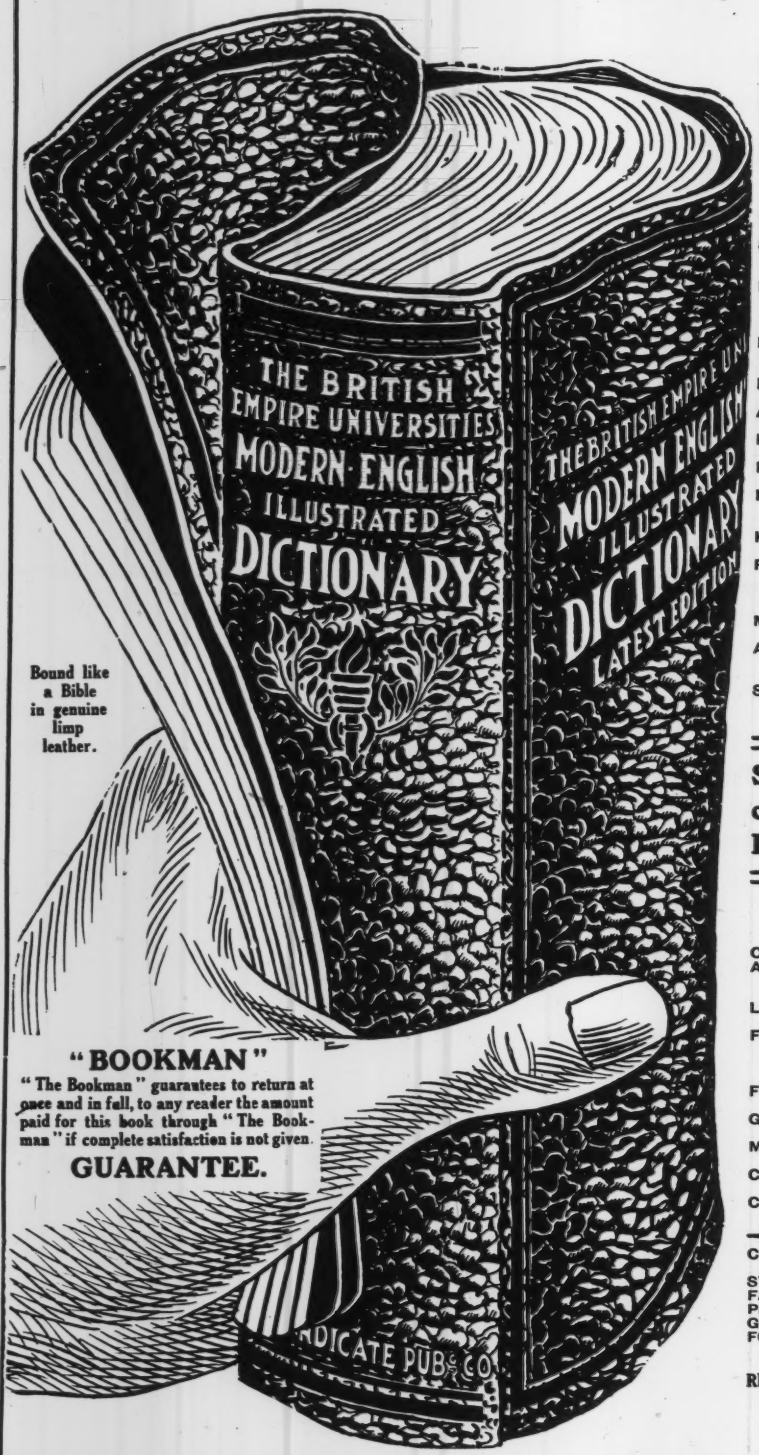

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October Bookman will be a Compton Mackenzie Number, and will contain a special article on the novelist and his work, illustrated with many interesting portraits, and photographs of places associated with him.

Messrs. Pitman are publishing shortly, "Anne of the Island," a new novel by Miss L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables."

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, "Davenport," will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"The Chorus," a novel by Sylvia Lynd, will be published shortly by Messrs. Constable. Mrs. Lynd is the wife of Mr. Robert Lynd, the literary editor of the *Daily News*. She has contributed some charming lyrics and many sketches and articles to the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, etc., but "The Chorus" is her first book.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter has written, for an American magazine, an admirable and sympathetic article on the poetry of Miss Constance Lyndsay Skinner, whose beautiful Indian song, "The Cradle-making," was awarded a prize in The Bookman Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition two years ago. Miss Skinner has written some very remarkable Indian psalms and poems and, writes a correspondent from Edinburgh, Mr. Robert Cochrane, "Mrs. Stratton-Porter has been greatly disappointed with the reception hitherto accorded to them by American editors. Miss Skinner is of British extraction, born and reared in the home of a trader in British Columbia where, in childhood, she was brought into daily contact with the highest type of Indian, those of the sea-coast, the cold climate, the atmosphere of the Far North; and living and playing among them, learning their language, traditions, religion, customs, it is natural that she should understand and sympathise with them, and that their lives and thoughts and feelings should have passed into her song. After the death of her father, Miss Skinner went to San Francisco, thence to Chicago, and now she lives and works in New York, with a mother dependent on her for support." Her poems had been rejected wherever she had sent them in America before she made her first success by winning The Bookman prize. Mrs. Stratton-Porter's article should draw attention to a new poet of real imaginative power.

"Upsidonia," a new novel by Mr. Archibald Marshall, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Louis Stone, whose new novel, "Betty Wayside," we review in this Number, is an Australian author, who was born in England, at Leicester, in 1871. He went to Queensland in 1884; thence to Sydney in 1885, and was educated at Sydney University. He is still at Sydney, where he is assistant master in the Department of Public Instruction. He had written and destroyed many poems, essays and stories in the ten years before he wrote his first novel, "Jonah," an admirable story of larrikin life in Sydney which was published over here by Messrs. Methuen in 1911. He gave four years to the writing of "Jonah," which is admittedly one of the best and truest pictures of Australian life ever written.

"Nights in Town," a series of personal essays described as "A London Autobiography," will be published immediately by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. The author, Mr. Thomas Burke, is a born Londoner, and knows and loves London as only a Londoner can. Mr. Burke has lately completed another book, "Limehouse Nights: Queer Tales of Chinatown," which Mr. Heinemann has in hand for publication early next year.

"A Crown of Amaranth" is the title of an anthology dedicated to the memory of those who have fallen in the great war, which Miss S. Gertrude Ford is compiling, in collaboration with Mr. Erskine Macdonald, who will publish the book this month. It will contain poems by many well-known writers, including Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Katharine Tynan, and Lord Crewe, with an introductory poem by Miss Ford to the memory of Rupert Brooke.

Mr. J. O. P. Bland has translated and edited, and Mr. Heinemann is publishing, under the auspices of the French Foreign Office, "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War," an important book that deals with such violations in France, as Lord Bryce's Report dealt with similar happenings in Belgium. The undertakings entered into by Germany are plainly set forth, and are immediately followed by records of Germany's performances. Twenty-three of these undertakings are enumerated, in which the text of the Hague Convention is quoted, and appended to each one is the story of the barbarous deeds by which the German Army broke their nation's bond. Only offences are included which were ordered by the superior authorities; all individual, spontaneous acts of soldiers and officers are excluded. Two other books to be published by Mr. Heinemann are written by two neutrals, and may be read in support of the French Government's revelations. One is "Among the Ruins," by Gomez Carrillo, a Spanish War Correspondent, who has been all over those parts of her country which France has recovered from the Germans since the battle of the Marne; the other is "Before, During and After 1914," by Anton Nystrom, a Swede, who does not share Sven Hedin's idolatry of Prussian hooliganism. For the latter volume Mr. Edmund Gosse has written an introduction.

Photo by Adelphi Studios. **Mr. Montague Summers.**

One of the literary events of this war-time has been the publication by Mr. A. H. Bullen, at Stratford-on-Avon, and by Mr. Heinemann, in London, of a collected edition in six volumes of the works of Aphra Behn, under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Montague Summers. It has long been customary for works of reference to dismiss the plays of Mrs. Behn as more gross than Dryden's worst and to express, sometimes, a rather prim satisfaction that they are now little known. This was to exaggerate her faults; and the first English professional authoress, one, moreover, who in her once famous novel, "Oroonoko," first stirred the public conscience against the horrors of slavery, deserved to have justice done to her work no less than to her private character. This she receives from Mr. Summers in his sympathetic and scholarly introduction to these volumes, and his editing of the

plays and novels is so careful and complete as to indicate a very genius for editorship. Mr. Summers was born at Clifton Down, Bristol, and educated at Clifton College, where the incentive of his form-master, Mr. W. W. Asquith, brother of the Prime Minister, fostered his interest in literature and, he says, directed him to the writing of English verse and prose and Latin verse. Always fond of books and the second-hand stalls, one of his earliest purchases was a set of Dryden's plays in Congreve's

Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy)
whose new novel, "Shadows of Flames," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

six volume edition. These he soon knew by heart. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the late Professor Robinson Ellis, to whose friendship and encouragement he ascribes not merely his great keenness for the classics, but an ever-growing love of English and Italian literature. After leaving Oxford he travelled in Italy and Greece. In literature his tastes are very Catholic, Elizabethan, Restoration and modern drama, perhaps, claiming a first place. "From the death of Queen Anne until the last decades of the nineteenth century, with the advent of Ibsen, Barker, Galsworthy," he remarks, "the theatre has little or no interest for me. In modern Italian literature D'Annunzio is supreme. The novelists and dramatists of the sixteenth century and the Venetian poets are among my chief favourites. In French, I am drawn to modern literature and have a great liking for Huysmans. Mysticism attracts me greatly, and I have

Photo by Lafayette.

M. E. Francis
(Mrs. Francis Blundell),
whose new novel of Irish Life, "Dark Rosaleen," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

a weakness for the macabre and the ghostly. In modern English literature I particularly admire Hugh Benson." Mr. Summers's first literary venture was a book of poems. He has dealt at some length with Art and Literature, from 1485 to 1714, in Cassell's "History of the English

Miss Ianthe Jerrold,
daughter of Mr. Walter Jerrold, and a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold. Before she was in her 'teens, some of Miss Jerrold's verses had won warm commendations from the late Theodore Watts-Dunton. Now, at the age of seventeen, she has collected her poems into a volume which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing this month, under the title of "The Road of Life," in his Little Books of Georgian Verse series.

People," and he has just written chapters on the Elizabethan and Restoration Dramatists for Nelson's "Illustrated History of English Literature." Last year he edited the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal"; and he is now collecting matter and collating texts for projected editions of Shadwell and Sir Charles Sedley. He is busy with some publications for the Early English Drama Society, and is further engaged on a novel of modern life.

The current issue of the "New Harmsworth Self-Educator," edited by Arthur Mee (which ends with the publication of one more part), contains a unique and most useful list of books on Literature, Philosophy, Eugenics, Agriculture, History, Chemistry, Society, Politics, and a multitude of other subjects. Though the "Educator" ends, as Mr. Mee says, its spirit will go marching on in his popular monthly, *My Magazine*, which deals with the life and thought of our own days and is already looking ahead to the great changes that will follow in the track of war.

Photo by Kathleen Murray. **Miss Muriel Stuart.**

The war that is responsible for the death of some papers has brought about the appearance of *New Days*, a new penny weekly, the first Number of which is to be published on the sixteenth of this month. "Old things are passing away and crumbling into ruin," says the prospectus, "but amid the ruin a new world is being born—one in which faith, hope and charity will prove greater forces than they did in the old. With a view to expressing this new spirit *New Days* has been established." In addition to notes and articles on the social developments of the time, it will include reviews of suitable books and occasional literary articles.

Miss Muriel Stuart, whose first book, "Christ at Carnival and Other Poems," Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this month, has been writing verse practically all her life, but has done so for her own pleasure, and has been in no haste to publish. Until a year or so ago she had made no effort to obtain publicity beyond sending some verses to *T. P.'s Weekly*, when she was sixteen. She received, in reply, an encouraging letter from the genial T.P., who said her work was full of promise and "far beyond anything that is usually submitted to us." Thereafter, for some four or five years, she went on writing, none outside her own family ever seeing what was written, until some of her work was shown one day to a critical friend, and it was his praise that decided Miss Stuart to make an effort to publish. "I thought I would try what is called a literary publisher," she says, "so I sent a collection of my poems to Mr. Herbert Jenkins, thinking that, as a writer himself, he would be more sympathetic to a beginner. He accepted my volume, but told me frankly of my faults and urged me to work on the poems and give them a most drastic revision. If he was my most appreciative he was also my severest critic. I told him once I was surprised he should be so much interested in work in which he saw so much room for improvement; but he said, 'Your friends will tell you of its merits, it is my place to point out its defects and urge you to bring it as nearly as possible to perfection.'" When the revised poem had safely passed her publisher's censorious eye, Mr. Jenkins sent "Christ at Carnival," without the author's knowledge, to Mr. Austin Harrison, who was prompt to recognise its power and beauty, and it duly made its appearance in *The English Review* for April last, and met with the warmest appreciation from critics and that growing public which is interested in new poetry.

It is a good sign when a young poet is amenable to criticism; and Miss Stuart's toleration of it goes, as might be expected, with an entire absence of anything like affectation. "I write just because it is a great pleasure to me," she tells you. "I never try to think of ideas; I wait for them and take them as they come to me, and, oddly enough, I mostly think of my title first; it is the title that suggests the poem. It was so with 'Christ at

Carnival,' and it was so with a new poem on a somewhat similar theme with which I am engaged at present." She works systematically, giving up three hours every evening to writing or revising. "It is a little trying for the family," she admits, "for sometimes I forget about dinner and do not hear the gong; at others I have something sent up to me, sooner than break away before I have finished. I assure you I have great sympathy with any household that contains a poet!"

M. A. Hamon writes us, with reference to Mr. St. John G. Ervine's review of his book, "Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth Century Molière," in our last Number, "Mr. Ervine is wholly mistaken when he writes that I 'work out a theory to show that Mr. Shaw's model and influence is Molière.' Never have I attempted to demonstrate this, for the very good reason that I know quite well that G. B. Shaw has never taken or followed any model. I say in my book that Bernard Shaw's technique is the same as Molière's, and I demonstrated this. But this never meant that Bernard Shaw copied Molière. I was the first to prove that the comic art of Bernard Shaw is the same as the comic art of Molière and that, in consequence, it is quite different from the dramatic art of Scribe, Sardou, Ibsen or Shakespeare."

Miss Helen Mackay, whose remarkable novel, "Accidentals," was recently published by Mr. Andrew Melrose, has written a book of poems, "London One November," which the same firm announces for early publication.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

L. M. MONTGOMERY

(MRS. EWAN MACDONALD).

ALTHOUGH it was in 1911 that the author of "Anne of Green Gables" married the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaskdale, Ontario, she still signs her stories "L. M. Montgomery." Mr. Macdonald a few years ago was the Presbyterian minister at the settlement of Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island, and here he met the Prince Edward Island lady who was to become one of the most popular of present day writers.

No Canadian Province has a more passionately devoted citizen than Mrs. Macdonald is of Prince Edward Island. She was born at Clifton, P.E.I., in 1877. Her mother died soon after her birth and she was taken to live with her maternal grandparents at Cavendish. Her grandfather, Mr. MacNeill, was postmaster of the settlement. As soon as she was able to run about, her playmates were cousins and the children of the neighbours. Everyone who has read Miss Montgomery's stories knows how common it is in Prince Edward Island for neighbourhoods to be closely related. To this day, with most vivid distinctness, the author will describe every nook and cranny, every pasture field and slope of her island home. There was a sloping field where each spring they went to look for wild flowers. A day came when the field was ploughed, and the little girl thought her heart would break. Near the homestead, she remembers, was their playhouse. Its walls were built only in imagination. But the children had fastened a door to a tree, and everyone who came into the playhouse had to come by the door. This vivid remembrance of the scenes of her childhood, and her passionate attachment to each inch of ground and memory are part of Miss Montgomery's treasure as a story-writer. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, she has never wholly lost the spirit of childhood. In her heart she is still the girl who played in Prince Edward Island.

Miss Lucy Maud Montgomery.

When she was a child of twelve or so her father sent for her to join him in the western province of Saskatchewan.

He had married a second time, and his daughter Maud had several step-brothers and step-sisters. But the little girl stayed only a year in the West. She was lonely for her home by the sea. She enjoyed her school-days on the Island, which is fortunate in possessing good schools. After leaving Cavendish school, Miss Montgomery attended Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. Later, she spent a year at Dalhousie University in Halifax. While she was in Halifax she did some work for one of the Halifax newspapers. But her university course had to be given up after the death of her grandfather. Her grandmother, Mrs. MacNeill, needed her at home. When her husband died, Mrs. MacNeill was appointed postmistress. Miss Montgomery has often said that she would never have had the courage to send out her stories if the post-office had been in any other house. When she was a little girl one of her chief enjoyments was writing stories: and the paper she wrote on came in the shape of Government forms sent to the post-office. Anyone who has read "Anne of Green Gables," and "Anne of Avonlea," knows exactly how joyous and delightful Miss Mongomery's girlhood was; its atmosphere and scenery have been faithfully described in these stories.

"Anne of Green Gables" had been to a good many publishers before Mr. L. C. Page, of Boston, perceived what a charming creation the little girl was. The story was an instant success. Mark Twain spoke of Anne as the "sweetest creation of child life" which had yet been written. The Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, called her one of the immortal children of fiction. The author found that she had made friends all over the world. "Anne of Green Gables" had not been her first story. She had published several serials, mostly in Sunday school publications. But when "Anne of Green Gables" charmed the reading public Miss Montgomery found that she could dispose of any stories she had on hand without difficulty. Her later books have been: "Anne of Avonlea" (1909); "Kilmeny of the Orchard" (1910); "The Story Girl" (1911); "Chronicles of Avonlea" (1912); "The Golden Road," a sequel to "The Story Girl," published in 1913. All these books with the exception of "The Chronicles of Avonlea" have been stories of a radiant childhood in Prince Edward Island. "The Chronicles" is a collection of short stories, mainly about grown-up people. These have splendid humour and give an admirable analysis of Island character. They somewhat resemble Miss Jewett's beautiful stories of New England, and they are considered as probably Miss Montgomery's best work, although scarcely as popular as the delightful "Anne" stories. Miss Montgomery has written as well a considerable amount of verse, much of which has appeared in Canadian and American magazines. A few years ago the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* contained one of Miss Montgomery's poems.

The Manse at Leaskdale has many Island treasures. Leaskdale is seven miles from a railway station. It is a little cluster of houses in a typical country neighbourhood of Ontario. The little son of the Manse has been once down to the sea. "Punchkins" is a beautiful baby. One of the household belongings is a remarkable cat which travelled up from Prince Edward Island in a crate when his mistress came to Ontario. He is apparently quite reconciled to his new home. On a table in the drawing-room stands a jug, about which cling romantic Island memories. The story of this jug explains one of the reasons why Miss Montgomery is a maker of stories. All the winds of the world have blown stories to Prince Edward Island. It is not to be wondered at that a Prince Edward Island woman has been gifted with the genius of a story-teller. Indeed, the MacNeills brought the writing gift over from Scotland with them. The Scottish song writer who wrote "Saw ye my wee thing, Saw ye my ain thing?" and "Come under my Plaidie" belonged to the same family. But the tale of the jug which stands on the table in the Manse at Leaskdale is another story. There was a sailor once whose love lived in Scotland, and he had this jug made for her in a foreign country. He had her name painted on it in the centre of a nosegay of gay painted flowers. But on the voyage home he was drowned, and when the ship came into port the captain gave the jug to the sailor's sweetheart. Years afterwards when she died she gave it to her sister, who married and came out to Prince Edward Island. On the voyage across the sea the jug was usefully filled with black currant jam. It was in a dairy holding cream when Miss Montgomery begged for it. The sailor's sweetheart's sister was the story-writer's grandmother.

Prince Edward Island chronicles are crowded with stories like this, and it was in such an atmosphere that the gift of the author of "Anne of Green Gables" was fostered. The red earth of the Island, the green fields, the blue sea water, are a setting for many romantic stories, many a curious chronicle of human nature. It is a lovely country, with a lyrical softness in its beauty. But there have been shipwrecks on its shores. Miss Montgomery says she remembers a shipwrecked crew of foreigners who spent one summer on the Island near her grandfather's place. They used to drive about the Island in a wagon, shouting as they drove past, exactly as if they had been pirates out of a story by Stevenson. The Island people have been wise. They lead happy lives, with many quiet social enjoyments. They do not work too hard. They value highly what is most valuable in life. It is this Prince Edward Island social fabric which Miss Montgomery has painted so joyously for the world. The latest Island romance is the romance of the fox-ranches; but whether or not Miss Montgomery will write of this, time will show. She has only now come, one would judge, into full enjoyment of her powers as a writer of stories.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

THE READER.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

By Wilkinson Sherren.

SCARCELY any other living writer has lived and worked with such zest in strange and unfamiliar places, and in callings remote from the craft of letters, as Mr. Morley Roberts. Turn to the standard work of biographical reference, and it sets before you the peaks of experience, so to speak, from which he has surveyed different parts of his kingdom. While writers of the younger generation were trying to give names to things in the nursery, he was finding the sea (1876). The process of discovery took place during a voyage to Australia, and he found not only the sea, the winds, stars and the way of the little world on a ship—but himself. He worked on Victorian railways and in the bush of New South Wales; he was before the mast in two ships; he has worked with sheep and cattle and on railroads in Canada and British Columbia; and at a later date he travelled in the South Seas, Sandwich Islands, Samoa, Cape Colony, Transvaal, Rhodesia and Corsica.

So far as the actual travel is concerned, Cook's could do as much for any of us, but no tourist agent could endow your ordinary traveller with the ability of converting such globe-trotting into literature. All told, Mr. Morley Roberts has written nearly sixty books; and it would be easier to write a volume about his work than an article. In the strenuous exercise of his profession he has shown an exquisite sense of style, reverence for the craft of which he is a distinguished master, and thoroughness of method. And thoroughness of method is no mean thing in days when flashy effects have been cheaply won and unintelligently praised.

Mr. Roberts made his debut with "The Western Avernus" (1887), which as the sub-title informs the reader, is a record of toil and travel in further North America. It stands to-day as a model of what such a book should be; it contains the outlines of material worked up later on in fiction, as well as definite indications of the writer's attitude to life. Therein is described the nature of the primitive experiences which have formed the warp and woof of his life — companionship with rough men who wrested a livelihood from the world's reluctant grasp in railroad work, in sawmills, and on shipboard. His companion on all these wanderings was a copy of "Sartor Resartus" —that compendium of rebellious philosophisings that, in spite of their transcendentalism, seem to harmonise with the author's prevalent mood.

Morley Roberts.

From a photograph taken in 1911.

The bent of his mind is scientific, and his temperament poetic, an unusual combination. When relentless logic is applied to "the light that never was on sea or land," the result is to some extent a foregone conclusion. The light is inexplicable—and beautiful. The "exaltation and the dream" are also beautiful and inexplicable, but these states of mind exist and are vocal in "Rachel Marr." The conclusion of the whole matter, according to our author, is I think to be found in "Time and Thomas Waring"—that cruelty is the only evil, that kindness is the chief good.

Categories allure the critic, who cannot be content until he has imprisoned his writer in literary pigeon-holes. Mr. Morley Roberts is as elusive as he is versatile, and defies the ready-made categories of conventional discrimination. A spirit of contest is his prevalent note—man in conflict with the elements, and in collision with accepted moralities—amid the wonder and beauty of the natural world, as well as the strange grandeur of the city. He dissolves a few natural facts in the alembic of his mind—and gets poetry; a convention of conduct, and a startling problem of ethics is revealed. Though I believe—as he does not—that the only clue to life's mazes is God, and that the soul of man is already experiencing part of its immortality—I find my sympathies and my astonishment at beauty reinforced by many of his pages. He generally makes you feel that life is abundantly worth while.

Apart from his travel books, his work naturally falls into three groups—sea stories; tales of life in primitive places; novels of sophistication. His sea stories are an unfailing delight to that super-critic, the sailor man, as well as to the landlubber. It is conceivable that a sailor who had no liking for his yarns would enjoy the knowledge they demonstrate about the ancient craft of harnessing the winds of heaven to the merchant's task. There stands out in this important section of Mr. Morley Roberts' work perhaps the best short story of its kind in modern literature, "The Tale of Billy-be-Damned." It is a fantasy of intense power. It converts the delusion

Morley Roberts, at 3 years of age.
From a daguerrotype portrait.

of a castaway into a terrible fact—that all the land of the world has sunk, leaving water everywhere, with myriads of "whit'uns" a-wash on the waves. You are made to share in the horrific spell demented Billy cast over the crew of the ship which picked him up. To suspend the faculty of reasoning and make the unbelievable seem true, is not within the power of many writers to accomplish, but Mr. Morley Roberts does it here with as convincing effect as any Edgar Allen Poe produced.

In "The 'Flying Cloud'" we have the swan song of the sailing ship. There is no plot. A boy quarrels with his uncle and takes a steerage passage in a ship bound for Australia. The officers, certain passengers and members of the crew are realised with vivid actuality. Storms, calms and the ship itself stand out no less livingly as characters in this absorbing narrative.

Indeed, the ship is the hero, and human beings are made to feel their kinship to her in such a description as this:

"There is something inexplicably spiritual in a ship, from whatever standpoint she is viewed, whether from the main deck or from the taffrail under which the divided waters join and bubble joyfully, or from the end of the jib-boom, which is nearest to her purpose, as one might say. She is a magnificent creature, a thing complete, visibly complete and austerely adequate (the austerity lying in the nothing beyond her purpose, her splendid economy of means) and her spirituality comes from her completeness; her finite and declared divisions; her lofty silences; her community with the winds, the sea and sky. . . . Oh, most blessed of created things, of the works of man working divinely! Every step of hers in the great waters is a baptism."

The author's unsleeping curiosity about life peeps out even in the sea stories. In one place, for instance, we find him asking "What difference is there between a ship and the sailing earth? Let some young angel say." The romantic point of conjecture in this magnificent story of the sea is the conduct of the skipper, only explicable on the theory that he took opium.

Man in primitive surroundings holds his imagination, whether on board ship or opposed to the rude terms of life in the outposts of the Empire. "The Prey of the Strongest" (Hurst and Blackett), a story of lawless passion envisaging the personnel of the Fraser mill, is related in the spirit of it to the spirit of his sailordom. The brutality belongs to the picture, and is redeemed by one Mary, a memorable study of a woman's loving devotion.

At the very least there are six novels devoted to sophisticated life which demand consideration, even within the limits of a short article. Who that has once read "Immortal Youth" (Hutchinson, 1902) can forget the joy of young time it expresses? Lacy's introduction to Bohemia—Chelsea way—blazed the trail for other novelists who saw material in the artistic temperament. Epigrammatic in style, there is some of the false intellectual glitter which had coruscated over the literary firmament from the genius of Oscar Wilde, in these sort of sayings, "Monogamy properly understood means carrying on but one intrigue at a time," and "Youth means so much, and accomplishes as little as age." Quite as light in style, but not intellectually modish, is "Lady Anne," a delightful portrait of a modern girl, who has eluded the grip of a dead elderly lover, and finds her mate in a contemporary. The setting of both novels is London. "Maurice Quain," a subtle study of an interesting man, should not be missed.

Built on greater lines is "Rachel Marr." Its moving scenes are set in Cornwall, and it is comparable to almost any other novel in the provincial genre published during the last twenty-five years. It glows with life and colour, and in this respect is like a piece of minutely woven tapestry, with hardly discernible figures, symbolical of the forces of nature and of human passions, looming behind the play of the characters. Its rapid development proceeds with smooth inevitability. Two brothers love Rachel, one a religious fanatic, who marries a mistress of his profligate brother. Rachel loves the married man, who returns her passion—in thought—and her history is annotated by a rustic chorus. Dog lovers are grateful for the gallant part played by Sigurd, a Great Dane. The setting of "David Bran" (1908) (Eveleigh Nash), published four years after "Rachel Marr," is also Cornwall. The situations arise out of complications almost as complex. David loves two girls who love him, and his mother, an austere Calvinist, is mashed pretty well to pulp in the wheels of the plot—though she undeservedly escapes condign punishment in the end. The author flashes the searchlight of his imagination about every nook and corner of the hearts

Photo by Debenham, Luton.

Morley Roberts. Aged 10.

of his feminine characters, and his psychological analyses explain their freedom of action. Lou is as lovable as Rachel; they are both cast in the grand mould, and belong to the select portrait gallery of heroines.

"Time and Thomas Waring" (Eveleigh Nash) is thrilled by the touch of human things. It is a testament of the obscure suffering of those who have had to submit to the healing of the surgeon's knife. It is a chart of the Dantesque region of anæsthesia. The mind which suffused "Rachel Marr" with poetry and showed throbbing life fulfilling itself in love has here attacked the problem of pain in relation to human personality and conduct. Waring's threefold relationship to a trinity of women—one of them dead—makes an enthralling plot interest. All the characters are as much conditioned by the agony he endured in the nursing home as he is by the living memory of the dead woman—his wife—for whom he had lived. Who else could make literature out of such material? This novel is also noteworthy in that the rebellious attitude discernible throughout the author's serious fiction is mitigated to something approaching acquiescent attitudes, a serenity in no way related to physical satisfactions.

Photo by E. J. Stoneham.

Waring marched bravely on the feet of pain to a city not built with hands, though the schools may quarrel as to the name of that city. The time came when it is written of Waring:

"There was now no revolt in him. He could suppress the feelings of dread which came; he beat them down and put them aside. He felt he had made his peace with the world. He seemed to understand far better than he had ever done, he accepted things bravely. Some might say he was beaten, but that would be false; he had conquered. For those were conquerors who worked out all that was in them; who had not feared, or if they had feared, still fought."

He had no hope of immortality to buoy him up, "All those notions of survival, of the spirit, of the soul, were nothing but the vain endeavours of humanity to perpetuate itself." Yet—there's a slight concession apparently to this blank negation, or is it, perhaps, an unwitting inconsistency? for we find Waring thinking "in his dust there would be one little speck of memory"—the memory of the dead woman, so much beloved. This remarkable novel strikes several new notes in fiction, and is in a class by itself.

Some pleasing glimpses into the mind of this writer of diverse talents will be found in "The Wingless Psyche" (Elkin Mathews), a volume of essays published in 1904—interesting chips from his workshop.

"Of late years," he writes in one of the essays, "I repent me of cutting down nettles with my stick; I am morbidly anxious to save a moth from my lamp; I have even perspired with shut windows when there were many winged insects who fancied they saw heaven inside my lamp-glass."

This accords with the temper of mind informing his work as a novelist, for readers must never be misled by the brutal mask he has sometimes worn. Another passage which reads like a piece of self-revelation runs thus:

"I have my own ways about things, being as hard of persuasion as some are of hearing, and love to fight my own devils, or feast Jove-like with my blameless Ethiopians at my own time and with weapons bought not with money. I have an obstinate trick of obstinacy, and am to be tamed but by Famine."

One has only to turn to "The Western Avernus," for instance, to see that this is true.

Morley Roberts, at 24 or 25.

His versatility is amazing. His characteristic short stories are well known to magazine readers; his occasional verse sometimes rings vigorously in the newspapers, and a few years ago he published "Four Plays." As romancist and thinker, as poet and craftsman, Mr. Morley Roberts has won the respect of his fellow writers, and in private life the affection particularly of his juniors. It is interesting to conjecture whether he would have achieved a greater popular success if he had concentrated upon one style of fiction alone, and had reproduced his successes. English literature might have been poorer if he had done so, and I suspect he would have found it impossible to limit himself to one mode of expression.

As much as any living writer, Mr. Morley Roberts approaches the type of the richly-endowed Elizabethans, who needed ship and sword, as well as pen to express themselves. His knowledge is encyclopædic, and he sends even well-read people to the dictionary occasionally. If his knowledge seems to sit a little heavily on him at times, the fault becomes almost a virtue when one thinks of the poverty of thought in a good deal of present day fiction. Philosophic, even scientific, he invariably secures the inevitable adjective or epithet in describing the objective world. Whether he is describing a ship, an operating theatre, or a sawmill, he provides their technical articulations, to the satisfaction of the expert, and to the conviction of the general reader. His uses of the elements of suspense and surprise in narrative reveal the born storyteller who, because he reverences his craft, is still at school. The metaphysical reflections—flashes of poignant questionings about time and human destiny suggest that he is intensely aware of mystery, and though he does not extract much laughter from life, he makes you aware again and again of the existence of comedy. He is a vital and significant figure in the literary commonwealth.

As sorrow begets thoughtfulness—and the sable wings of sorrow fan all the wide spaces between us and the fateful trenches—it is hardly too much to expect that his best work, in milieus other than the sea, will be read by an increasing number of people.

MR. MASEFIELD'S JAPANESE TRAGEDY.*

BY WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE most interesting speculation with regard to Mr. Masefield's new play is what impression it would make on the mind of a Japanese critic. In many respects, especially in the earlier scenes, wherein the dialogue is reduced to its barest elements, and almost every speech has the precision and directness of action, it resembles those examples of Japanese drama with which we are familiar in translation. But in a later scene, when Kurano, its chief character, for a defence against his vigilant enemies who are seeking occasion to do away with him, feigns madness, and raves and prattles with a kind of childlike *naïveté* and inconsequence on life and death and love and friendship and woman, skilfully screening the significance and irony of his philosophy in his artless, rambling expression of it, we are, perhaps, far nearer the old conventions of Elizabethan drama than the Japan of the early eighteenth century. But one would very much like to have an expert Japanese judgment on this particular episode. There is a still more vital question, how would the underlying motif, the ethical argument of the play, impress that very alien mind? Revenge is sweet, we say, but none the less look a little askance at the methods and activities of justice in the wild, wild West. And though, when the Herald in the last act of Mr. Masefield's play, armed with his mysterious "order," bids Kurano and his followers kill themselves as an act of sacrifice and retribution for their "murder" of the crafty oppressor, Duke Kira, they undemurringly obey, it is with the sure and certain hope of their joyous reception by the long-dead heroes who man "the ramparts of God." Kurano nobly sacrifices his all—his ill-fated wife, his children, his property, his life for his master and friend Asano. He is faithful. But his refusal to take instant effective action, when his fellow-conspirators advised it, lest by so doing such vehemence should lose Asano's "estates to the rightful heir" is in the event apparently unjustified. And the assassination of Kira after a year's interval, on the very day before the arrival of the envoy (still inexplicably unaware apparently of the injustice he has been guilty of in condemning Asano to death) will merely replace one tyrant with another. And the cause, in fighting for which Asano was gulled and betrayed to his death, is lost.

But the play is the thing; and it is only because Mr. Masefield appears indirectly to be bent on some fundamental moral that one is tempted to analyse a theme which he has treated with so much vividness and concision, and in many of his scenes with a true poetic and dramatic insight and beauty. Here and there the simplicity is slightly forced and conscious. But no stage setting could keep the spectator closer to the actual presentation of the play than the book will keep the reader to the imaginative. The few scenes excepted when we seem to be in the company of Webster rather than of Bashō, dress, atmosphere, dialogue are all in keeping. And though Lord Kira spends his last evening on earth as if his maker were well aware that it *is* his last evening—leaving his amorous play with a new mistress, "The Starblossom," to indulge in premonitory philosophising over a "single" at chess—this is at most a defect in excellent company; and the steady climax of the play, with its quiet interior of Kira's winter palace, the dark, snow-crested deserted, lantern-lit courtyard without, and the sense of an inevitable doom steadily thickening its coils about its victim, is vividly and imaginatively realised.

"The Faithful" is in prose, and a prose more poetical in its intensity than the verse of "Philip the King":

"Look at her! all this beautiful bait to catch the little foolish fish in man. It is beautiful, those eyes and the mouth, and all the curves, and the ears and the pretty teeth. Men have thought of these things going to death; thought of them with prayers. . . . You were never driven mad by one of these things. You never will be; this does not stir you. Be glad; they are fatal things. When we grow up they twine round us and fawn and purr and clog us to a standstill. They call themselves our mates. O heaven! that a thing so empty should have such power upon men. Do you see this head, how beautiful it is? Is not it wonderful, poised on the throat like that? Look how the flesh dimples, and then these shadows, and the red lips that the worm will eat, and these eyes that glitter so and tell her brains about us. Did you ever cut open such a head?" "No, did you?" "With my mind. There was nothing there. I was puzzled at that."

There is a tinge of rhetoric and forced sentiment in this fragment, but that does not detract from its music and simplicity and its truth to a feigned sinister craziness of mind. Mr. Masefield's lyrics are a kind of irregular metrical rendering of this prose, and whether or not such was his intention, have something of the effect of a translation:

"Once very long ago,
When there was still the sun,
Before these times, before
The light was darkened,
One whom we used to know
Made life most noble; one
Who would have changed the world
Had people hearkened.

It was a dream, perhaps
Time drugs the soul with dreams
To all but blind desire
For high attempt;
Then the intense string snaps;
The project seems
A hearth without a fire,
A madness dreamt."

This attempt to catch the very accent of an alien literature is a curious and interesting experiment. It is now Mr. Yone Noguchi's turn to try his hand at a play with English characters and an English setting in the days of Queen Anne.

* "The Faithful." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best selection of six books to send out to the soldiers in the trenches and the best reason, in not more than sixty words, for choosing the books selected.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is sent to Elinor Wray, of 15, Wellington Road, Belfast, and to E. Jotham, of Port St. Mary, Isle of Man, for the following:

THE QUEST.

By all your silence and your pride
  And all the words you did not say,
You taught me more of love, my friend,
  Than I could learn another way.
But you were gone before I knew
  That I would rather have you stay.

The nights are strewn with golden stars,
  The days are wrapt in silver light.
Once, long ago, I thought that God
  Had done these things for my delight;
But now I know the world is fair
  To make me fairer for your sight.

Though you should never come again
  To where I have my dwelling place,
I will not sorrow; for you sought
  For Beauty through the wide world's space,
And prayed for it beyond the spheres,
  And then you found it in my face.

ELINOR WRAY.

THE WIDOW.

If one should whisper near that bended head,
"The Empire falls!" she would not move nor cry:
To her whose All is dead
  What else can die?

If one should whisper, "O the Empire stands!
And Peace and Victory wake its children's cheers!"
She would not lift her forehead from her hands,
  Or cease her tears.

If one could whisper, "By a mere mischance—
A broken disc—the blunder of his men——"
  * * * *
O God in Heaven! O quiet grave in France!
  What then?

E. JOTHAM.

We also select for printing:

THE CALL.

I sat me down toil-weary, as the sun
  Drooped to the distant hill,
When sweet-voiced Love came in the garb of one
  Who wore His meekness still;
Said Love, "Oh son of bitterness and woe,
  Wilt thou arise and go?"

"Dear Lord," I cried, "the way is dark and long,
  The night is drear and cold."
"It ringeth only now to evensong:
  Thy sheep are in the fold."
"Nay, go not thus," I cried, "a moment stay—
  I cannot see my way."

"The way," said Love, "is kindled by the sword,
  Under the starless sky."
"And what if I should go? What then, oh Lord?
  I do not fear to die."
"My throne," said Love, "is in the firmament."
  So I arose and went.

(A. G. St. Fillan, 62, Grange Loan, Edinburgh.)

CONTENTMENT.

They turned the rope—the poor, little girls;
  And they chattered, as children can:
With a calm command and fling of the hand—
  Wee Mary, and Maud, and Ann;
And Mary said—with a twirling spin,
  As she flung the rope about:
"Forgets and forgives are both out,
  And it's my turn in!"

They turned the rope, the rich, little girls,
  In the din of the dirty street:
With their dresses torn, and their boots outworn—
  But faces content, and sweet!
I mused o'er the little they had to win!
  Of the ready laugh, and shout:
"Forgets and forgives are both out,
  And it's my turn in!"

(Edith R. Leatham, The White House, Durham.)

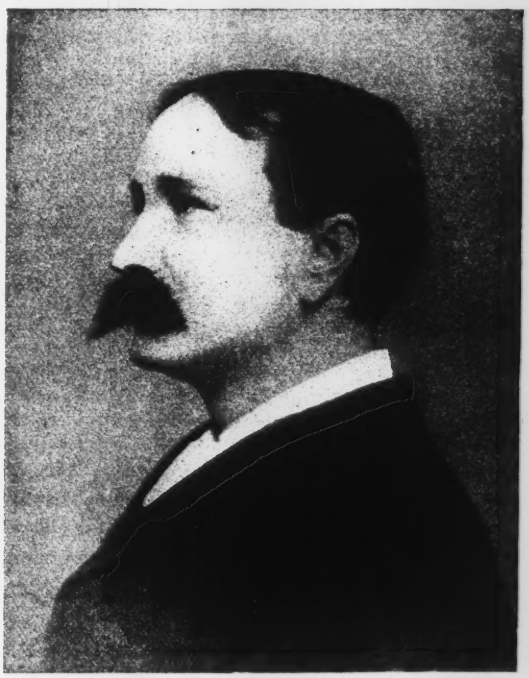


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Morley Roberts, at 45.

Of the large number of other lyrics received we highly commend those sent by T. O. Dowling (Waterford), Mary Carolyn Davies (California), L. M. D. (Oldham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Dorothy Louise Warne (Ramsgate), Geoffrey Knight (Manchester), Hilda Fairfax Brown (Braunton), Headley V. Storey (Camden Town), John A. G. Carson (Birmingham), S. R. Noyes (Pretoria, Transvaal), Stella Beaumont (Wimbledon), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), J. W. Lucas (Bolton), E. C. L. (Birmingham), David M. Campbell (Kelso), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), William G. Kelynack; Joyce Tompkins (Catford), Gertrude Pitt (Highgate), George Savile (Brockley), C. E. S. (Glasgow), F. N. Wood (Hull), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Lilian Holmes (Charing), A. S. Barnard (Prestwich), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), E. L. Foyster (Croydon), A. Siffleet (Tooting), Charlotte L. Plummet (Ontario), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Winifred Barrows (Glos.), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Lawrence Tarr (Upminster), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Evelyn M. Parker (Upper Tooting), Fay Inchfawn (Bradford-on-Avon), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), W. C. Pocock (Bristol), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Thomas Platt (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mona Douglas (I. of Man), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Ethel Ashton Edwards (Cambridge), C. J. Read (Purley), Eileen Carfrae (Buxton), J. Ford (Oxford), Doris Dean (Bromley), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington Spa), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Iris Douglas (Shipley), Kathleen A. Seyfang (London, S. E.), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Ethel Simms (Belfast), Jocelyn Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Isobel W. Hutchison (Kirkliston), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), Norman J. Buckle (Plympton St. Mary), Eveline Ida San Garde (Accrington), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth), John P. Wynne (Manchester), A. Welch (London, W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), D. T. Davis (Porth), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Bernard Spencer (London, S. E.), Kitty L. Beney (Merton Park), D. Esme Bailey (Sydenham), Ivy L. Merryweather (Wimbledon), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), D. M. D. (Wandsworth), Gwendoline Johnes (Garthmyl), Annie Marguerite Birch (Hull), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), Catherine M. Ritchie (Merthsham), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesborough), Mabel Malet (Hull), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Hester Viney (Swanage), A. E. Wise (Leicester), Ida May (Barnes), Eric Chilman (Hull), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst), C. K. Harrison (Lincoln), F. Olsen (S. Shields), Robert Francis (Opotiki, N.Z.), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), C. N. Elwes (Bournemouth), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Beresford Richards (Bayswater).

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to S. A. Doody, of 18, Darracourt Road, Boscombe, for the following:

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. By PARRY TRUSCOTT. (Werner Laurie.)

"The mighty Pan."
MILTON'S *Ode on the Nativity.*

We also select for printing:

SALLY ON THE ROCKS. By WINIFRED BOGGS. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"An' Sally she weshed foälks' cloäths to keep the wolf fro' the door."
TENNYSON, *Northern Cobbler.*

(F. E. Soddy, Elmdale, Totnes.)

THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT. By FRANK DANBY. (Cassell.)

"'My husband,' sir, the woman sobbed, 'in quod he's got to stop,
He's been a keepin' Christmas, sir, and jumpin' on a slop.'"
G. R. SIMS, *Christmassing à la mode de Slumopolis.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

VANISHING ROADS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By R. LE GALLIENNE. (Putnam.)

"Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"
BRET HARTE, *Further Language from Truthful James.*

(M. P. McCartan, Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork.)

LOVE IN A PALACE. By F. E. PENNY. (Chatto.)

"No tenant, he, for life's back slums."
T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg (Her Birth).*

(Mrs. A. E. Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)

THE TURBULENT DUCHESS. By PERCY BREBNER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Control's not for this lady."
BROWNING, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon.*

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

STILTS. By ADAM SQUIRE. (Duckworth.)

"Something between a hindrance and a help."
WORDSWORTH, *Michael.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE for a Tribute in not more than eight lines to General Botha has met with a most enthusiastic response, but, on the whole none of the many attempts received comes quite up to publication standard. The best in sentiment and expression is that by Hedley V. Storey, of 25, Rochester Road, Camden Town, N.W., to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded. The six best out of all the others are by R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), James A. Richards (Tenby), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), M. Troughton (Golder's Green).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Hilda Ridley, 81, Grenville Street, Toronto, Canada, for the following:

A FAR COUNTRY. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan.)

This book deals with some vital American problems. It portrays the conflict between genuine democracy and a pseudo-democracy which serves to screen the actions of the men who control capital. The story is of one, who, attaining such a control, is led by devious ways into "a far country." His return is made possible through his realisation that the pseudo-democracy which he has made his philosophy of life, is merely a form of selfish individualism. The book, which is forcibly written, is another strong plea for "practical religion."

We also select for printing:

STILTS. By ADAM SQUIRE. (Duckworth.)

We have a delightful heroine in "Stilts"—a real woman, with plenty of character, plenty of fun in her and, what you get luckily in books, the man to appreciate her, with enough mind of his own to make it possible for her to say:

"And we shall have heaps of rows."
"Heaps. . . ."
"O my dear, my dear! It will be just heaven."

The minor characters and the setting in Sicily are well touched in. A love-story that just might have gone wrong from pure cussedness, appeals to anyone with sporting instincts, and this book will find many favourable readers.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Norwood.)

FOLLOW AFTER. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a most inspiriting and inspiring story, and one which is strangely uplifting in its effects. It is only an account of men and women who have done their duty, but the writer has succeeded in depicting, with inimitable sympathy, the cost to each and all of obeying the behests of the "stern daughter of the voice of God," so that the reader is compelled, perforce, to recognise in these ordinary individuals a strong spiritual force, the outcome of which the world calls *heroism.* The writer deals with present day affairs, and at times her statements are well-nigh prophetic.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK. By GILBERT PARKER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This book breathes a wonderful atmosphere of space and freedom, the spell of the big-souled people of the earth, and of the miles of goldening corn. There is the haunting lilt of a song, and the mockery flickering in a girl's tawny eyes, bravely concealing the anguish of her tortured soul. The fine character of Kitty Tynan makes the wife of Crozier seem a shade too shadowy, but there are such wonderfully fine passages in the book that one is led on and on, along an enchanted way, until the faculty of criticism is swallowed up in sheer enjoyment.

(D. O. Teale, Copse Mead, Worcester Park, Surrey.)

THE CONQUERING JEW. By JOHN FOSTER FRASER. (Cassell & Co.)

This is not a deeply-studious psychological study of the Jew, but a light character delineation, setting out his position and influence in every part of the world. There are numerous views on his future, based on his history, past and present—striking but well substantiated, showing no little study of the race. It could not be called a standard work on the subject, but nevertheless it has a great amount of information, that should dispel some of the unjust prejudices against the race. Throughout there is that pleasing quality Mr. Fraser always imparts to his work—readableness.

(L. Begg, Inglewood, Invercargill, New Zealand.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by P. S. Dixon (Hong Kong), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg)), P. D. Cowell (Manchester), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), S. S. S. (Liverpool), S. V. Nath (Polghel, India), M. A. Pesci (Highbury), C. J. Wilson (Huntley), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), M. Troughton (Golder's Green), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Bernard Ottwell Binns (Bolton), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), E. Webster (Bristol), Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), (Jessie Jackson, Beverley.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Cecily Adelaide Hallack, of The Manse, Worcester.

CHRISTINA WELLER.

A FRIEND OF DICKENS.

By B. W. MATZ.

THE name of Weller is famous world wide, and many conjectures have been advanced as to where Dickens got it. But it is not our intention to enlarge on the point here. Although the subject of this article once bore the historic name, she had no connection whatever with her illustrious namesake, in spite of the fact that she was closely associated with his creator. Nor can it be said that her name was solely the cause of the friendship which existed between her and Dickens. But it will be seen that sentimentally it "began it," as the kettle did in the case of another historic story.

It came about in this way. In 1844 Dickens received an invitation to take the chair at the opening meeting of the newly erected Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool. The invitation by the way was accompanied by a cheque for £20 "in payment of the expenses contingent" on the visit, which, however, was promptly returned. But the invitation was accepted and Dickens duly presided at the function which took place on February 26th, 1844.

Mrs. Christina Thompson, *née* **Weller.**

During the soirée an interesting incident occurred. One of the artistes taking part in the concert was an accomplished pianist whose name was Miss Christina Weller. In his capacity of chairman Dickens had to announce the items on the programme, and when he came to Miss Weller s name he said, "I am requested to introduce to you a lady whom I have some difficulty and tenderness in announcing, Miss Weller, who will play a fantasia on the pianoforte." And later in the evening he again announced, "The godchild of whom I am so proud will oblige again."

Her splendid performance, and the peculiarity of her name, caused Dickens to seek an introduction to her family, and to eventually pay a visit to their home. The result was that before the novelist left Liverpool he had become good friends with the Wellers. It is only natural that the young lady so honoured should desire a souvenir or memento of the occasion, and she accordingly asked the novelist to write something in her autograph album. Dickens consented, and this is what he wrote :

"I put in a book once, by hook or by crook,
The whole race (as I thought) of a 'feller,'
Who happily pleas'd the town's taste (much diseas'd),
And the name of this person was Weller.

I find to my cost, that one Weller I lost,
Cruel Destiny so to arrange it!
I love her dear name which has won me some fame,
But Great Heaven, how gladly I'd change it!

At Liverpool, twenty-seventh February.

Charles Dickens."

Mr. Walter T. Spencer, the antiquarian bookseller of New Oxford Street, has in his possession the actual leaf from this album on which Dickens wrote the above verses, and we are able through his courtesy to give a facsimile reproduction of it.

On his return to London Dickens wrote a long letter to Miss Weller s father which was full of enthusiasm for her high talents and uncommon character. The letter sufficiently explains itself, and indicates how deep rooted was the novelist's admiration for the young lady's accomplishments.

"1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate,
Regent's Park,
1st March, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Finding that your daughter has not

read the volumes which I send her in the enclosed parcel (from one of which I quoted a few words last Monday night); and knowing that they could not but prove most acceptable to such a mind as hers; I obtained her permission to send them—and made a promise which it gives me real pleasure and delight to fulfil.

"Will you tell her that I have marked with a pencil in the index to each, those pieces which I would like her to read first, as being calculated to give her a good impression of the Poet's genius? And will you say that I have sent her a copy which is not quite new, in preference to a new one; hoping she might like it none the worse for having been my companion often, and for having been given to me by Tennyson himself?

"I scarcely know whether I do right or wrong in not closing my note to you here. But I cannot help saying to you that your daughter's great gifts and uncommon character have inspired me with an interest which I should labour in vain to express to you, though I set myself to it as to a task. I see many people, as you may suppose; and many whom nature has endowed with talents of one kind or another. The figures which come and go before me are so numerous, and change so constantly that, however bright they may be, I am not accustomed to care much for them, or feel any great degree of concern in their proceedings. But I read such high and such unusual matter in every look and gesture of the spiritual creature who is naturally the delight of your heart and very dear to you, that she started out alone from the whole crowd the instant I saw her, and will remain there always in my sight.

"Your affection will not be displeased to hear this I know. And therefore I disregard the singularity of the impression—to lose it in the singularity of the cause—and tell you the honest truth.

"With cordial remembrances to Mrs. Weller and all your family,

"Believe me, always,
"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS.

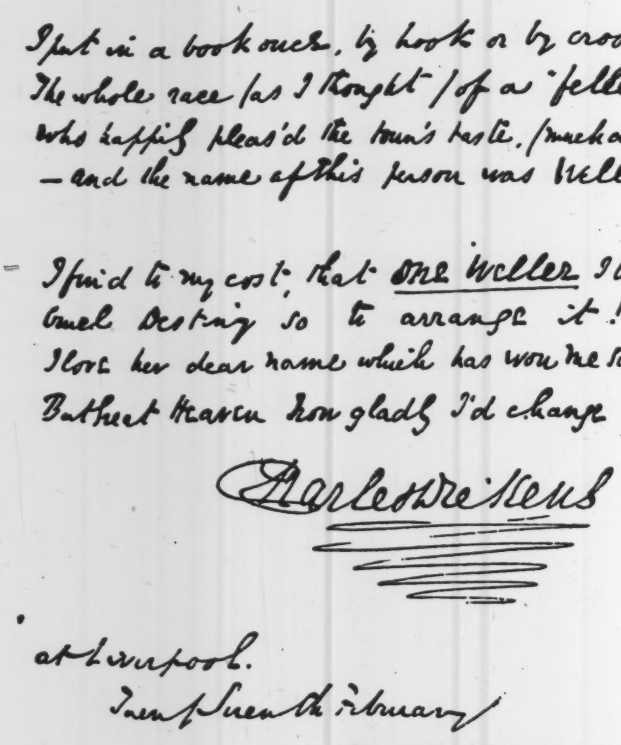
"T. E. Weller, Esq."

What a great joy the receipt of that letter must have given Christina Weller's father and mother, and how proud they must have felt that the great Charles Dickens should have shown such interest in their daughter. And it was not merely a fleeting or a politely expressed interest, nor did his friendship in the Wellers end with his visit to Liverpool. Indeed, it ultimately led to Christina becoming the wife of T. J. Thompson, a very intimate and particular friend of the novelist; and to the novelist's brother, Frederick, marrying Christina's youngest sister, so that the Wellers actually became related by marriage to Dickens.

T. J. Thompson was a man of great culture, whose life was devoted to the arts and sciences. He was a member of Dickens's circle of friends, indeed we might say his inner circle of friends, as the following letter would indicate. At the time of Queen Victoria's marriage, Dickens, Forster and Maclise professed to be madly in love with Her Majesty. Dickens threatened, in his whimsical manner, to do all sorts of desperate things, not the least terrible being a desire to murder Chapman and Hall in order that the Queen should hear of his inconsolability. He wrote to one or two near and dear friends telling them of his state of mind. One of these was T. J. Thompson, and this is the letter he sent him:

"MY DEAR THOMPSON,—Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday, we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms—nay, the very bedchamber (which we know from having been there twice), lighted up with such ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the Long Walk, and refused all comfort, to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating some other extravagances, we returned home in a postchaise, and now we wear marriage medals near our hearts, and go about with pockets full of portraits, which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor, and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, *but he does not love her.*

"Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall, but if you will, you shall have it very cheap—furniture at a low valuation—money


I put in a book once, by hook or by crook,
The whole race as I thought of a "feller,"
Who happily pleas'd the town's taste, much disease'd,
—and the name of this person was Weller.
I paid to my cost that one Weller I lost.
Cruel destiny so to arrange it!
I lost her dear name which has won me some fame,
But Heaven how gladly I'd change it!
Charles Dickens
at Liverpool.
Twenty Seventh February

Facsimile of verses written by Dickens in Miss Weller's Album.

not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God s sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks—his lowest terms in short for ready money—for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that for the present.

"I have in hand three numbers of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' and the first two chapters of 'Barnaby.' Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms.

"I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor to my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to her which you might like to execute. I have heard, on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books, and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of a triumphal arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor.

"From your distracted and blighted friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"P.S.—If it comes to that don't show this to the coroner."

Another of the novelist's letters to him is written from Liverpool on the night of the incident referred to regarding Miss Christina Weller, and is followed by two others in the same year from Devonshire Terrace begging him to join the novelist's party for Italy. Not long after their return to England T. J. Thompson was married to Miss Christina Weller, and the happy couple went to reside in Italy.

The great genius that Dickens saw in Miss Christina Weller was neither extravagant nor unjustified, for those talents she possessed as a young girl developed after her marriage, and she became not only a very notable painter, but one of the most brilliant musicians of her period. She gathered round her a distinguished circle of friends which included such persons as Mendelssohn, Millais, Arnold, Thalberg, Ruskin, John Bright, Jenny Lind, Grisi, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and, of course, Dickens himself, whom she and her husband visited several times at Gadshill.

Her musical career was remarkable in every way. She has herself said that her fondness for music began from the moment she opened her eyes. At the age of seven she appeared publicly as a pianist at Cheltenham, and at seventeen made her debut in Dublin where she played with Thalberg, who spoke of her beautiful playing and prophesied she would become one of the greatest celebrities of the day. Later, whilst in Italy, a Genoese *maestro* asserted that she was the greatest pianist, excepting Liszt, he had ever heard. She had played to Mendelssohn some of his "Lieder ohne Wörte" to his great delight, and accompanied Vieuxtemps to some of his compositions. She herself was the composer of many songs and other pieces, the latter including a "Stabat Mater," and Oratorio with full orchestration, entitled "The Atonement," and music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." While Sir John Bennett declared that her "Queen's Jubilee Hymn" was "worthy to be a national air."

Opening of the Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool, February 26th, 1844.

Charles Dickens presiding, and Miss Christina Weller at the piano.
From *Illustrated London News*, March 2nd, 1844.

Her natural disposition to paint did not have full play until after her marriage. She loved to paint rural scenes but did not confine her work to that particular phase of art. Indeed, her greatest picture was "The Morning of the Resurrection," which so enchanted Napoleon's nephew that he told her "his friends, no more than himself, could detach their eyes from this masterpiece of inspired art." Many of her oil paintings were exhibited at the London Galleries, whilst her water-colour drawings were the admiration of Ruskin, who pronounced them as amongst the finest he had ever seen.

In January, 1846, we find Dickens writing the following from Rosemont:

"MY DEAR THOMPSON,—All kind of hearty cordial congratulations on the event. We are all delighted that it is at last well over. There is an uncertainty attendant on angelic strangers (as Miss Tox says) which is a great relief to have so happily disposed of.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

This "event" was the birth at Lausanne of their first daughter, Elizabeth. Ultimately another daughter, Alice, was born.

The great genius that Dickens saw in Miss Christina Weller has shown itself in her two daughters, and although their mother has insisted that their ability was inherited from their father, it is obvious that the mother's great gifts must have contributed not a little to their brilliant talents.

Elizabeth Thompson at the early age of five showed signs of that artistic genius which made her name as the painter of those famous pictures, "The Roll Call," "Balaclava," "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," and

numerous others, famous throughout the world. In 1877 she married Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Butler, the distinguished soldier. Her sister Alice married Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, and is to-day one of our most accomplished poets and essayists whose name and work are as well known in the literary world as Lady Butler's are in the artistic.

It is interesting to note that Alice Thompson's first volume of verse, entitled "Preludes," was published in 1875, and was illustrated by her sister, Elizabeth.

THE ORIEL TRANSLATION OF DANTE.*

By Dr. William Barry.

I MUST begin with a note in bibliography. Dr. Shadwell writes by way of preface: "Some years ago I published a translation of the 'Purgatorio' in the metre of Marvell's Horatian 'Ode to Cromwell'; the first part of which (Cantos I.–XXVII.) appeared in 1892, and the second part (Cantos XXVIII.–XXXIII.) in 1899. This volume completes the task I then set myself." From one point of view, the decision not to take in the whole of the Divine Comedy is regrettable. It leaves a rare and interesting venture as a torso rather than a statue, making of it the curiosity which dilettanti may admire, but the larger ranks of Dantean readers are not likely to purchase. And it leaves its metrical problem destitute of illustrations and comparisons, in themselves sure to be fascinating. We would gladly learn how Dr. Shadwell's bold handling might fare in passages ever so much better known than those which he has dealt with. What a fine chance he has denied to himself and us in putting aside the opening Canto, which ushers in the Pilgrim's Song of the Middle Age! How eagerly we should have turned to the episodes of Francesca and Ugolino! One feels as if the scholar had shrunk back, daintily or in affright, from the dramatist who is called upon to brave sad and horrible things even as he joys in light and love. These heights are not to be measured save by those depths. Is it modern weakness —I know not myself—which resolves the scheme of Dante into penitence and innocence, but loses out of its world-wide compass the guilt a soul resolutely clings to, and the rebellion that will not stoop to be forgiven? Over the blank leaves of the "Inferno" thus needed to make bulk, as it were, on our shelves, I seem to see a note of interrogation hovering. It is a significant silence.

Dr. Mackail's introduction will be read with delight. There is more than a touch in it of Pater's deliberate file. The manner is reflective, almost aloof, but yet under its calm we detect enthusiasm, subdued to habitual devotion by scholarship. No student of poetry better deserves a hearing on the chief question which this translation sets at the bar—I mean its metrical form. Dr. Shadwell has imitated Marvell, and Marvell did a daring feat when he shaped the lines of his Cromwellian Ode upon the rhythm of the Latin Horace. Everyone that has looked at Dante's text knows how it moves, as Carlyle said, "with a sort of lilt," it sings itself along. But when Carlyle added, "The language, his simple *terza rima*, helped him in this," we can hardly keep from smiling. The metrical unit chosen by our Florentine, "the key of the pattern," to borrow Dr. Mackail's word, was certainly not a single line but a group of three lines rhyming, which we name a *terzina*. It is the rhyme that binds them together and bears them on. For, as again Dr. Mackail notes, "in the original these units are interlocked throughout by the rhyming system, and fastened off at the end of each Canto by a final line which converts the last *terzina* into a quatrain." Where is Carlyle's "simple *terza rima*" left in all this "linked sweetness long drawn out"? The effect and the problem how to reproduce it in English may be shown by transcribing the first nine lines of Shelley's wonderful attempt to render Canto XXVIII of the Purgatorio in a metre like its own; though using our heroic verse:

"And earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick, green, living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow, soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that, in the stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow, soft stroke of a continuous sleep."

I break off in my quotation, but the music goes forward. Not only so; there is a true "miracle of construction" in every part as in the whole edifice of song which this more than Virgilian artist planned, building the lofty rhyme with an intensity of purpose never outdone, like a jeweller in the "Arabian Nights" who should take gems instead of common marble to make of them a palace. There is, indeed, as I grant, "a strong pause at the end of each stanza-unit so habitually that its absence is a rare and marked exception"; into these jewel-cases the gems have been fitted—the two hundred similes which we may count in the "Paradiso," and those crystalline deposits of a philosophy in the main Platonic, lending themselves readily to exemplar forms, as if patterns laid up in Heaven. To no poem, early or late, does the famous description of "The Prelude" given by Coleridge apply more decisively than to the Florentine masterpiece. It is "a song of high and passionate thought, to its own music chanted." Therefore is it untranslatable, or only to be translated by such wizards of word-harmonies as Shelley proves himself in the fragment cited above.

How far Dr. Shadwell has triumphed with his quatrain corresponding to Dante's *terzina*, will be a matter of dispute, according as we lay stress upon the "strong pause," or on the onward march and sweep of the rhyme which, to my ear, seems always moving till it reaches

* "The Paradise of Dante Alighieri." An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By Chas. Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., late Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail, LL.D., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Morley Roberts.

the line locking it together. Let me emphasise my remark by setting down the double stanza from "Paradiso" (xxx. 16, 21), which celebrates Beatrice's last unveiling of her beauty, as Dr. Shadwell renders it:

"If all that can of her be told,
United in one word were rolled,
Its measure scarce could reach
Due praise aright to teach.
The loveliness which there would glow
Surpasses all that we may know:
I deem such joy alone
Is to its Maker known."

To my feeling, these lines halt where the Italian verses run on. But Dr. Mackail is very sure of his general verdict. "This volume," he says, "presents itself as an accredited version," and "the merits of this particular metrical form are great." He insists that "it has now been shown to bear surprisingly well the test of continuous work on a large scale," nay, "it gives a striking approximation to the colour and movement of the original." I listen, ready to be convinced, but a doubting Thomas yet. I have obeyed the Oxford Professor's wise counsel and travelled over the book at headlong speed. I was willing to be carried away "on swift still wings," as if the thing I loved fled on before. And I do unfeignedly admire many turns, deft, skilful handiwork, testifying to a mastery of English and Tuscan which it is pleasant to dwell upon as the glory of latter-day Oriel, not to be exchanged for a wilderness of Rhodes' scholars. Perhaps I deserve pardon (as a man is never satisfied with his friend's portrait) if I snatch an excuse from Dr. Mackail's own quoting and murmur sometimes, "*Ma non con questa moderna favella.*" The pause in Marvell's versifying is something too absolute, too like a word of command. It pulls me up and drives me back. After all, certain strokes of genius are inimitable. There is, in Canto XX., 71, a thrice famous simile, to be coupled with Shakespeare's morning song, "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings"—sheer ecstasy in Shakespeare as in Dante. Now Dr. Shadwell modulates it thus:

"As lark, wide-circling in the air
Sings first, and then is silent there,
Contented to enjoy,
Her last sweet melody."

Am I enchanted? Alas, no. For still the Tuscan is rounding in mine ear:

"Quale allodetta che in aere si spazia,
Prima cantando, et poi tace contenta
Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia."

I think the Professor of Poetry would not be hard upon me, seeing how distinctly he lays it down that the form and substance of inspired utterance are one, not to be divided. What he asks of a translator is, in the much trumpeted phrase of Nietzsche, a "transvaluation." That, too, would content me, wherever it was possible. And my touchstone is not far to seek. When I call to mind, repeatedly, a passage so transmuted, it cannot but hold in it some precious ore. Hence, nothing but time will decide how deep, or the reverse, any new rendering of Dante will penetrate into the thought, whether it is tinder lightly blazing or a steady flame to shed its rays on this obscure yet divine world of vision. We must be grateful to the scholar who guides us, torch in hand, himself knowing the way by repeated journeys, from sphere to sphere, upwards through the ten heavens until we look upon the Rose Celestial and hear St. Bernard hymning the Madonna. For, to the crowd of Dante's lovers, as to Carlyle, the "Paradiso" sounds like "inarticulate music." As a poem, or the crown of all the poem, it is heavily weighed down by its lack of human interest, by an outworn system of astronomy, by puzzling references to men and women long dead, whose story, tragic or romantic, is too allusively told, by an appeal to the science of a day which was dark on that side, as well as by the rare atmosphere, intense but fatally thin and exhausting, where the poet's art, says Dr. Mackail admirably, "seems to have almost burned itself away, to have become vaporised into an imponderable essence." At his final stage Dante, who began the pilgrimage with Virgil, ends it with Lucretius, in an abyss which is full of light, but where man cannot live. He peoples the void with saints and angels, indeed; nevertheless, one may compare the "Paradiso," for its tension upon the spirit, with a mighty creation, unlike it in other aspects, the "Prometheus Unbound." To enjoy it as poetry demands the same kind of effort. We must, for the while, go beyond our human reach, undertake a flight in the Empyrean, and hold on valiantly till our breathing ceases to be a struggle with elements finer than we knew in the valley. The "Paradiso," to common readers, is the Matterhorn of poetry; better still, it is "the loftiest star of unascended Heaven." But worthy the climbing; with radiances glancing round, colours pure as the sky, motions of dancing clouds and shimmering waters, and a loveliness in its apparitions from which the last taint of earthly mould has been washed away. It is the apotheosis more than the apocalypse of the Christian Faith. It has great splendours, not matched by Milton; and its human feeling overflows in love, from which the bitterness that filled the prophet's heart ebbs and melts into such happy moods as to make us forget the journey he has come, and we along with him. All is visible in that universe, yet all is spiritual—a great consummation. The day which has dawned on him who escaped from the blind world beneath knows no evening. It reveals the kingdom where God reigns; "and His Will is our peace." On that quiet note I may close with our Oxford teacher. The high and deep song is a chant of victory; and from the "Paradiso" we learn how to conquer ourselves.

I add one line—it ought to be a page—in commendation of so handsomely printed and bound a volume, with Dr. Moore's Italian text fronting the English, an honour to all who have given us the book. It will surely be remarked in our native museum of Dante literature.

New Books.

A NOTABLE TRIO.*

The period of providing the public that desires to know with the information that is indispensable to form any kind of judgment, and with the elementary data requisite to any kind of criticism, of the past few years, is probably drawing to an end, at any rate for the time being. We shall be in danger of incurring a cloudiness of vision in regard to the great question or questions at issue if we keep on too persistently masticating the problems of the "twelve days," and the disputatious issues of the diplomatists. We have to keep in mind the fact that, fundamentally speaking, wars are not the result of ostensible causes, grievances tabulated under heads, obvious disputes, schemes of brigandage, dynastic disputes, the quarrels or indiscretions of secret diplomatists, or even the passions of democracies and the delirium of cabinets. Wars in effect are rather like storms, the electric discharge of psychological currents which have been in unsuspected antagonism for a long time. The conflict is postponed by causes underlying and as mysterious as those which ultimately provoke the explosion. Finally the spark is released and the torment rages.

Some of the foreign books that the war has summoned into existence serve to keep us in remembrance of these bigger components of crisis and conflict better than those of home production. Readers who are distrustful of their own insularity will find much that is of superlative value in suggestion, in such solid brochures as the French version of "J'Accuse, par un Allemand," or, again, the searching analysis entitled "La Caste Dominante Allemande," by a Lausanne professor named Maurice Millioud. A trio of contributors from abroad, notable in the highest degree, but with no other bond of unity save their value and timeliness, is supplied by the book of M. Saintyves on "Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne dans la Guerre de 1914," the translation of Treitschke's "History of Germany," by Cedar and Eden Paul, and the inspiring "Sur La Voie Glorieuse" of M. Anatole France. We can possibly deduce from these pages some anticipatory gleams of history. The causation of this war will no doubt give rise to discussions as interminable as those concerning the causes of 1789. At first people were ready to believe that the oppression of the French peasantry by the grands seigneurs of the eighteenth century was at the bottom of the upheaval. This theory was highly satisfactory to Dickens, and went a long way with Carlyle. The responsibility of Richelieu was as yet undreamt of, but much was soon discovered about the "Doctrines Inspiratrices" of Rousseau and Voltaire. M. Saintyves helps us to explain the equivalent of this in the present war among names now so familiar as Lasson, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Chamberlain. But this is the outwork, no more; for the book, which is as thorough as it is impartial, goes on to deal with the Responsibilities first of the Triple Alliance, then of the Allies, and, in conclusion, deals with the contempt for Neutrality and the Pledged Word which has been systematically displayed by Prussia in strict accordance with the diabolist scheme of philosophy propounded by Frederic the Great. Its chapters supply a compendium of tendencies and events antecedent to the war which should suffice in itself to answer the grotesque suggestions contained in Bernhardi's new book-for-American-consumption. The quotations of Treitschke have steadily advanced in the English market. We began by a twopenny tract on Treitschke and his congener Nietzsche; then came Davis's admirable anthology of the "Political Thought," at 6s.; next came that most interesting book by Antoine Guilland on "Modern Germany and her Historians," at 7s. 6d.; and now we have, at 10s. 6d., the text of Treitschke's great "History," leading up from the Seven Years' War under Frederic to the Seven Years' War under William. But Treitschke himself, like Macaulay setting out for the age of Anne and the Georges, hardly got within sight of the promised land. He came to an end with the zenith and foreshadowed downfall of German Liberalism, in 1848. The present volume of a workmanlike translation, that will extend to two well-filled volumes, concludes with the Congress of Vienna. Treitschke had too much of a Tyrtaeus about him to be an historian to our taste. We have had pamphleteer historians, party historians, and satirist historians in plenty. We have the superior historian to perfection in Gibbon, but we have never had a clarion history, preaching duty and devotion to the State through a megaphone. In temperament the German rather resembled America's great historian, Parkman. A nation has to be caught at the psychological moment to be impressed and given permanent direction to such an extent as Germany was by Treitschke, plastic though we know it always to have been in the hands of its professors—"damned crowing cockerells," as Palmerston called them. When the present work is nearer completion we hope that a chance may be found for us to come back and test the value of the matrix. But the popular estimate of the historian may be gauged by the fact that, struck by the formidable aspect of his name, several writers have already added a z to it.

Anatole France stands out first among the men of letters of Europe. Since Tolstoi and Meredith were eclipsed, he has been *facile princeps*, a tribe has taken his recognisance in a bookshop, just as men were formally sealed of the tribe of Ben in the Devil Tavern; he has become Dictator. He is distinguished further now by a Recantation which will perhaps be as often recounted as that of Cranmer. To collect together the passages in which Anatole has made elaborate mock of war and its professors, its futility, its stupidity, its negation of humanity, would fill a complete number of THE BOOKMAN. Speaking from memory, I should think that they attain their climax of intensity in "La Pierre Blanche," but they are scattered up and down his pages, accumulating in scathing force with the experience of the writer. Scott's Antiquary, we are reminded (unlike his creator), was a great contemner of military paraphernalia—a good army was to him "militarism,"—but when the need came, and the lying beacon, as in "The Trumpet Major," announced the arrival of the invader, no one was readier than Monkbarns. "Give me," he said, "the sword which my father wore in the year 'forty-five. It hath no belt or baldrick, but we'll make shift."

His own spirit is finely reflected among the townsfolk.

> "The magistrates were beset by the quartermasters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. 'Let us,' said Bailie Littlejohn, 'take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours—share our supper with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal Government, and now is the time to show its value.'"

But splendidest of all is the testimony of the Spirit of Patriotic Resistance which the situation evokes from the lips of the old Blue-gown, or gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree, one of the fixed stars of fiction:

> "An they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us. But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate myself; but we'se do our best."
>
> "What! So your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?
>
> 'Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!'
>
> I would not have thought you, Edie. had so much to fight for."

* "Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne." By P. Saintyves. 3 fr. (Nourry.)—"History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By Heinrich von Treitschke. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)—"Sur la Voie Glorieuse." By Anatole France. 3.50 fr. (Champion.)

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering besides, and the hearths o' the gude-wives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

The transformation of a countryside, in Dorset or Aberdeenshire, from the most peaceful to the most martial aspect conceivable is not more complete than that of Anatole France when he found his own country threatened by a monster he had hitherto regarded as more or less fabulous. He at once demanded a rifle and a uniform. He at once took a place appropriate to his rank in the general invocation of his countrymen to arms. And here we find him, not so much appealing for a restoration of peace in our time, as for the deliverance of his country from a hideous peace. To beguile our country "par le fantôme voilé d'une paix hideuse," that is the greatest crime that a Frenchman can commit to-day. The same danger exists on this side of the Channel, and the French Master would be as correct in his estimate here as there. A half-peace as the result of a drawn war is probably the worst foe we have to contemplate. The *Pax Germanica* is the sum total of all that we are most anxious to avert. It means a polity somewhat resembling that of the Incas of Peru, the drastic rule of a shipping, manufacturing bully, decked out in military uniform, systematic coercive discipline, in a word, Science without Conscience, which is (we have the word of Rabelais for it, and he ought to know) Damnation. Cursed as we are by grievous tyrannies of our own—the tyranny of the wage lord, the tyranny of the market, the tyranny of the slum, the tyranny of the countryside—we yet have grace enough left to us to follow through mire and marshy places what is left to us of the Gleam. This is the *Liberty* still which renders this a war of Liberation; and this is not the mere liberty to exist, which no violence can destroy; it is also the liberty to seek the good and to find expression for it; and these are things that violence may destroy. The will to good—the striving after the highest visible—call it, with the Greeks, justice, or, with Thomas Aquinas, the realisation of God—call it what you will—is the profoundest thing in man and is that which gives value to his life. For every man the thing of supreme importance is his freedom to seek the good and to realise it as he can and as he sees it. If that be so, then the supreme evil is not loss of goods, or of friends, or of health, still less is it death; it is the suppression of freedom. The worst thing that can happen to a man is that another should dominate and control his will by violence or threats of violence.

If we fail in this war, our control over this kind of liberty will be sensibly weakened, and our posterity will denounce a generation which, by its short-sighted endeavours to avert war, not only failed in its immediate purpose, but, by reason of its fear of war, brought us within the poisonous breath of something infinitely worse than war.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

AN EVANGEL OF HUMANISM.*

Miss Hughes appears to be one of that increasing band of social workers who, after a course at one of the older Universities, take up a professional post in one of our elementary schools. Her book bears no trace of that suggestion of condescension that too often mars the reports of such adventurers into strange social grades. She has taught in three elementary schools, and has quite evidently been in each case *of* the school as well as in it. She writes with knowledge and with sympathy.

Miss Hughes exercises the right to interpret a technical term in her own way. For her, *Humanism* is a convenient word to represent the true spirit that should underlie and inspire education. She admits that there is something mysterious about the humanistic ideal, but the reader gathers that its essential quality is the reconciliation of the claims of the individual and society. "Humanism stands for the full and free development of the individual in and through society." Its arch foes are "mechanism, repetition, uniformity." On the practical side of school work the reconciliation of the practical and the speculative "is the quintessence of Humanism." A sort of religious fervour marks Miss Hughes' use of the term, and on page 273 she appears to rank Humanism as co-ordinate with Christianity. She believes that for Humanism intellect is of much less importance than is interest. In seeking to define interest Miss Hughes falls back on Nettleship's definition, and her defiant acceptance of this definition is characteristic of the tone of the book. "If, in accepting this new definition of interest, we are taken out of our depth, so is every one who touches truth." But while she frequently permits herself to soar, she generally keeps well within the range of the practical. Sometimes, indeed, she proclaims that she is dealing with matters that are not particularly novel—"we are only talking commonplaces here"—but she is well aware that such commonplaces need vigorous and frequent statement if they are to command the attention they deserve in a book that makes its appeal to a lay audience. This raises the question of the aim of the book. From the text one would gather that it is written by a teacher and meant to be read by other teachers. But as a matter of fact Miss Hughes must have a wider circle of readers in view. For to the professional teacher much of the book will appear somewhat over-familiar, though eminently sound. To the general reader most of it will be fresh. No teacher needs to have it demonstrated that sixty is too large a number of pupils in a class, yet the largeness of the classes in elementary schools is condemned throughout the book with a persistence that would be wearisome if it were addressed to the thoroughly convinced teachers. On the other hand, everybody who has the good of the children of the nation at heart will admit that it is impossible to lay too much stress on the deplorable effects of the present overgrown classes. It is often taken for granted that it is essential that in secondary schools the classes should be smaller than in elementary. Miss Hughes takes quite the opposite view, and maintains that since the children of the poor need more individual attention than those of the well-to-do, the classes in the elementary schools should be smaller than those in the secondary.

A conspicuous merit of the book is that it is constructive. Fully alive to the defects of our present system Miss Hughes devotes most of her energy to suggesting ways of improving them. By a quaint conceit based upon Mr. Paterson's admirable "Across the Bridges," she works out a list of five bridges that will enable us to pass from the present unsatisfactory state of our elementary education to one that will please the humanist. She makes an excellent point when she indicates the breach between the spirit of the education in the infants' school and that of the senior school. "There cannot be a national system which accepts Humanism for the years from three to seven, and then for the great majority prescribes an anti-Humanist seven years' drill." The beginning of reform lies in granting to the boys' and girls' schools the same freedom as has been general in the infants' schools. But mere freedom is not enough. The teachers must be encouraged to use it. For help here Miss Hughes looks to those who prepare the young teachers:

"Is the statement too obvious, or is it too daringly novel, that the institution on which more than any other the well-being of the nation—its health, its wisdom, its goodness and its happiness—depend, is the Elementary Training College?"

Miss Hughes demands so much from teachers that they may be a little dismayed at her claims. But they will be glad to note that among her demands for reform is greater leisure for the teachers, so that they may themselves enjoy the benefits of Humanism and thus be in a position to pass them on to others. Though she writes for teachers, Miss

* "Citizens to Be." By M. L. V. Hughes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Hughes does not hesitate to apply the scourge where she thinks it deserved, though she has the grace to put the reproof into the mouth of another. Mr. Egerton is not without his value as a critic of the profession.

There are many points on which readers will join issue with Miss Hughes—direct moral training, transcription versus dictation, elementary schools and cheap reprints—but these are technical matters in which the public is not interested. What the general reader will find here is an admirable statement of a great national problem, made by a writer whose relevant experience, wide reading and sympathetic insight entitle her to respectful consideration.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE FREEING OF THE SPIRIT.*

Dr. Taylor is favourably known by several contributions to our knowledge of the past and the findings of modern thought thereon. His history of intellectual and emotional development under the title of "The Mediæval Mind" is that which appeals to me most, in view of my own dedications, but it is, perhaps, "Ancient Ideals" which is recalled most naturally by the present study, not that there is similarity in subject-matter, but a similar field is covered. In the present volume a beginning is made with Chaldæa and Egypt, while the term is reached in the light of Christianity at the epoch of St. Augustine. The title of "Deliverance" may appear a little cryptic, but it refers to that "freedom of action" attained by our "spiritual ancestors" as the result of self-adjustment to "the fears and hopes of their nature." Perhaps the explanation suggests a more simple naturalism than is characteristic of the author's standpoint, and—as Dr. Taylor appears to discern on his own part—it is out of count when he reaches one of the "spiritual ancestors," namely, Jesus of Nazareth. The consciousness of a Messianic and redeeming mission, accompanied by a sense of Divine Sonship and illustrated by Divine foreknowledge, is not explained by self-adjustment to fears and hopes or by a realisation of the good and evil which these are held to connote. However, the work itself remains singularly unaffected by a recurring verbal formula, and it corresponds literally to the sub-title, as a series of studies in "the freeing of the spirit" and the kind of deliverance which was sought under the influence of great successive spiritual systems, teachers and liberators. Setting aside the primitive "coercions" sought out in magic, the paths of emancipation considered in successive chapters are broadly those of active duty, detachment of contemplative life, the sacrifice of individuality to unification with the Infinite, the salvation of release alike from self and not-self, the establishment of living relation with a righteous God, and finally in the bonds of love with a God Who is love itself. The ancestors representing these paths are Confucius, Lao Tzu, the Vedic school and its developments, the Buddha, Zarathustra, the prophets of Israel and the Divine Master of Palestine.

Dr. Taylor is utterly lucid, while his moderation and free spirit of research, apart from all bias, cannot fail to insure him a considerable and willing audience. One would say that only in a very wide sense can he claim—as he seems to claim—a place among the followers of Christ. He will forgive me if I add that the great subject of path and term does not live in his hands: it is reviewed only. Yet he sees far away that Christian saints have "anticipated deliverance from themselves," the state of seeing through the eyes of God and loving "only through His heart." This alone is "deliverance"—the hope of that liberation which is called Divine Union. The testimony through ages and nations of those who followed the paths which are held to end therein offers more than presumption and more than hope that the end is not beyond us. Great and excellent are those "intimations of immortality" which came to such a poet as Wordsworth. Yet are they looking from a threshold only. Very different are other intimations of life in God which came to such a mystic as Eckehart. Here also and now there are moments in the loving stillness when the soul sees and knows. In part and through a glass darkly, I am very sure that the soul knows.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Deliverance: the Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World." By Henry Osborn Taylor, Litt.D. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

THE AMORIST.*

It was a right instinct which made Mr. Maugham give the greatest space to Mildred, among all the women who touched and influenced his hero's life. For Philip Carey, introspective, indolent, shiftless, opinionated, club-footed, is a man doomed to be loved. He is not doomed to evoke great passion, nor is it his destiny to love lightly or deeply any one woman: he is simply one of those men for whom women, in whom affection is stronger than passion, will always be prepared to suffer. Yet he himself has, mentally rather than emotionally, the capacity for feeling passion: and he does, midway in his career, fall stupidly and desperately in love with Mildred, a vulgar, avid, atrocious girl in a tea-shop. The episode of Mildred and Philip is horrible. She takes and takes, and gives nothing. She rejects Philip for a sensual brute: and then, abandoned, comes to Philip for help. Forsaken again, betrayed by his friend, Philip still cannot resist Mildred's appeal: and he continues to give charity long after he has lost passion. The thing, in spite of fine moments, is degrading: for the sake of this passion, Philip neglects honour, affection, duty and decency. Yet it is the one fixed thing in his life. Unstable as water in all else, he fails in this, too, where he feels firmly and definitely. And his failure to hold Mildred throws a light on his character almost as illuminating as his capacity for loving so ignoble a creature.

* "Of Human Bondage." By W. Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

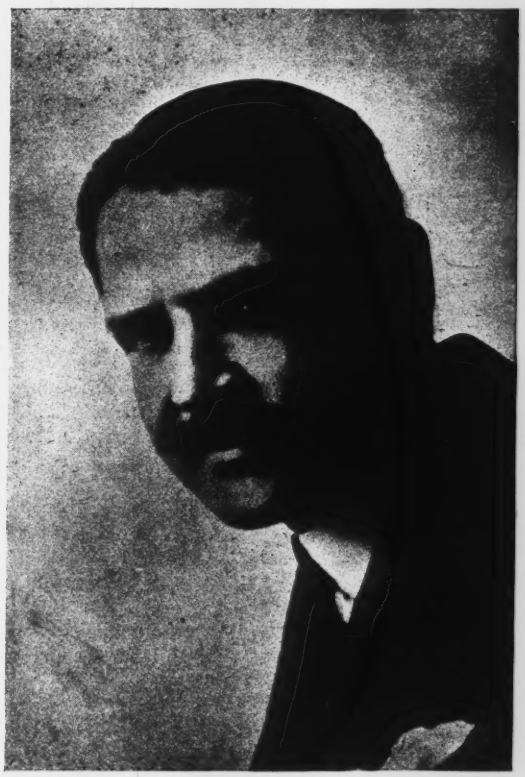


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.**

It is no use complaining that Mr. Maugham might have chosen a nobler, a more exciting, a more amusing person than Philip Carey. He has given us so admirable a picture, so carefully etched a portrait of this poor beggar of the spirit that we must not cry out against the lack of colour and humour in his pages. There are a great many of those pages—over six hundred—and some of them could have been spared. The intense, rather baffling detail of Philip's life at his two schools is rather distracting; and the perpetual conflict between Philip and his uncle is rather needlessly ugly. The main problem of the book is, however, Philip's relationship with women. Miss Williamson, Mildred, Norah Nesbit, and Sally are all drawn into an insight and sincerity which few modern novelists could equal. Miss Williamson is saved from being frankly sordid by a touch of heartbreaking farce, common in French, but rare in English fiction. The passion of an old maid for a young man can be a beautiful thing; but when it is as physical and selfish as Miss Williamson's it is bound to be disgusting. Norah Nesbit loves Philip in the way of friendship, and is rewarded by his return to Mildred: Sally only occurs, as a woman, at the end of the book and we leave Philip on the verge of marrying her.

It may be gathered easily enough that Philip Carey has no sort of moral principles in his relations to women. He abandons the narrow Christianity of his youth, and adopts a meagre heathenism which brings him more happiness than he deserves. His preoccupation with sex would be more tolerable if it was more frankly sensual; but with him nature is an afterthought. As a portrait of the weak egotist, of the knock-kneed Nietzschean, "Of Human Bondage" may be greeted as a remarkably clever book. Mr. Maugham's elaborate, preoccupied method, his slow insertions of the scalpel into every obscure place suits the timid type he is analysing. It is no disrespect to this piece of work to wish him a rather robuster subject for his next serious novel.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

A GOOD BAG.*

We are informed by the gifted authors of "In Mr. Knox's Country" that the book was written before the war. And we are glad that it was, for it is hardly possible that even such light-hearted gaiety and buoyant humour as the authors possess in so remarkable a degree should not otherwise have suffered some sort of eclipse, owing to the terrible events of the past year. So, grateful as we are for the works which preceded, we are doubly grateful for their latest successor, which is like a ray of sunshine illumining a dark and terrifying world. And it is Irish readers, who know and love their country and their country-folk, so often misrepresented by shoddy "humourists" whose conception of Irish speech and character has no foundation in fact, that have most reason to be grateful to these writers. To them the secret of Irish country life has been revealed, the gaiety, the sadness, the dashing, devil-may-care recklessness that in the hunting field found no fence too high, no ditch too wide to be essayed while the hounds gave cry ahead, the incurable optimism and courage which faced the worst of all enemies, the bailiff and the broker, and from the midst of ruined fortunes could still offer a seat at the board and a jest to season the meat. There is an epitome of life as it is lived in the South-West of Ireland, or rather as it was, for now the country houses are deserted, the stables empty; and, if you seek for the Flurry Knoxes, you will find them on the stricken fields of Flanders or on the gun-swept heights of Gallipoli.

More than an Atlantic Ocean of difference lies between "In Mr. Knox's Country" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "A Far Country." The latter is a remarkably able book, the ablest probably that Mr. Winston Churchill has given us. The characterisation is subtle, consistent and convincing, and it would be difficult to find anything in modern literature more scathing than the picture which the author draws of the development of the American policy of "enlightened self-interest" of which his American lawyer is the embodiment. The book is written in the form of an autobiography, and Hugh Paret tells in meticulous detail the story from his childhood, under a stern but just father of Scots-Irish extraction, until he becomes a corporation lawyer and sells his soul to the Devil.

"We fought cases from one court to another, until our opponents were worn out or the decision was reversed. *We won*, and that spirit of winning got into the blood. What was most impressed on me in those early years, I think, was the discovery that there was always a path—if one were clever enough to find it—from one terrace to the next higher. Staying power was the most prized of all the virtues. One could always, by adroitness, compel a legal opponent to fight the matter out all over again on new ground or at least on ground partially new. If the Court of Appeals should fail one, there was the Supreme Court; there was the opportunity, also, to shift from the State to the Federal Courts, and likewise the much-prized device known as a change of venue, when a judge was supposed to be 'prejudiced.'"

Hugh Paret quickly became an expert in the various legal devices by which the ends of justice are to be defeated and the Galligan case established his reputation incontestably. Galligan was a brakeman; his legs had become paralysed owing to an accident resulting from defective sills on a freight car. He was awarded 15,000 dollars compensation in a suit against the Railway Company. The latter appealed to the Supreme Court which affirmed the decision. Paret was employed to interview the Judge, and to inform him of the indignation of the railway magnate at the verdict, The judge was alarmed for election-day was approaching.

"'Of course, if he feels that way, and you want to make a motion for re-hearing, I'll see what can be done,' he said.

"'Something's got to be done," said I. 'Can't you see what such a decision lets them in for.'

"'All right,' said the Judge, who knew an order when he heard one, 'I guess we can find an error.' And he did."

In his domestic relations, Paret was no more edifying than in his professional; he married one woman, made love to another man's wife, and all but succeeded in inducing her to leave her husband for him, and here, incidentally, we get an idea of how slender a tie the marriage contract is regarded in America.

It is a long book, and not exactly an agreeable book, but in its way it holds the reader by a certain fascination until the last word is reached.

Of quite a different kind is "The Sealed Valley," by Herbert Footner. It is as full of romance as "The Far Country" is devoid of it. A young Canadian doctor, Ralph Cowdray, is sought by a beautiful girl, daughter of a white father and Indian mother, to accompany her to the sealed valley in the North Cariboo country, to set her mother's broken arm, and as fee she offers him a bag of gold dust. He accepts and they set out on their long, perilous journey together. As was inevitable, when two young people of opposite sexes are thrown together for weeks without the restraint of convention, the young doctor becomes enamoured of his companion, but Nahnya is as good as she is beautiful, and what was an overmastering passion in Ralph Cowrday develops into a pure and romantic attachment. But Nahnya, though she acknowledges her love for Ralph, refuses to accept the sacrifice he would fain make; she has sworn to keep the children of her tribe from the white man, and Ralph must go, "for the white men are like a prairie fire and the red men are the grass." The character of Nahnya is drawn with charm and convincingness and the wild scenery of the Cariboo is well realised.

"Queen Anne is Dead" is a good example of the sword and cape story which used to be so popular. It opens with great vigour and picturesqueness, when Lord Clavering comes back to London to find that his kinsman had gamed away his estate, thinking him dead. His chivalrous attempt to recover compromising letters for the woman

* "In Mr. Knox's Country." By E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Longmans.)—"A Far Country." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)—"The Sealed Valley." By Herbert Footner. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.) "Queen Anne is Dead." By Patricia Wentworth 6s. (Melrose.)—"Rank and Riches." By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Paul.]

he had once loved and who now sought to betray him, leads him into many dangerous adventures, from one of which he is saved by the warning of a beautiful child, Héléne, to whom he offers his hand and heart at a French Cabaret and is promptly married by a parson who was by a convenient chance on the spot to perform the ceremony, using his own signet ring for the purpose. A very readable story, with plenty of adventure and the appropriate atmosphere.

"Rank and Riches" is rather conventional, but quite well written. It tells the old story of the passing of the great house and estates after centuries of noble extravagance into the hands of a modern millionaire. The latter, who is a very good man for a millionaire, finds that neither he nor his children are adapted for taking up the position of the late owner, and the story ends very appropriately by all the men going to the war and the great house being turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers.

H. A. HINKSON.

MU'TAMID*

It is quite in accordance with the earthly life of Mu'tamid that his poems should at last be given to us in this way. Apparently an amiable Afghan put them into Anglo-Afghan prose and left his work with Captain Cranmer-Byng, the editor of the "Wisdom of the East" series. For several years the MS. remained untouched. But certain months ago another version of "Aucassin and Nicolete" was published, and Captain Cranmer-Byng seems to have shared the general opinion that this version by a new author was superior to Andrew Lang's or any other. At any rate he gave Mu'tamid's poems to Miss Lawrence Smith, and the result is something not less beautiful than his own renowned translations, in the same series, from the Chinese classics, such, for instance, as "A Lute of Jade." The introduction concerns itself with the extraordinarily romantic life of Mu'tamid, his great fortune and his exile, his delicious years in Seville with Rumaikia and Ibn Ammár, the sad years in Africa—this is the life a poet ought to have. And Miss Lawrence Smith has written such an introduction as Mu'tamid, smiling sadly, would have read aloud to Rumaikia while they watched a gorgeous sunset at Mequinez.

How much of these poems is Mu'tamid and how much Miss Lawrence Smith we do not care to know—the born translator enters into the soul of his author, and the words do not so very much matter. Mu'tamid would have clapped his hands over a good many. "The Fountain" is as shrewd as steel, "A Letter" is what many thousand lovers would have given much to say, "To Salma, From Battle" is most stirring, and in this poem, as in others, Miss Lawrence Smith shows great command of technique. In "Tears of the World" we find this beautiful stanza:

> "Weep, Wahíd, weep, and Zahi with the towers,
> Weep ye for him that shall not come again.
> All waters of the earth, all dew and showers
> Have tears for Mu'tamid, and the summer rain
> That once strewed pearls upon him, is become
> A sea-wave full of sand and sound and foam."

At the end of the book are some poems by other hands, all of them associates in one way or another of Mu'tamid. What an enviable age when monarchs were addressed by ministers in this way (and even if the author did prove subsequently to be reprehensible):

> "Take thou a shallop swifter than thy wit,
> And I will be
> The ripple running at the stem of it.
> Ride, ride, with none beside thee anywhere!
> And I will be
> The long wind striving at thee by the hair—
> Thou shalt not go from me."

It is said that Hammer-Purgstall, the Austrian Orientalist, had the honour of providing the raw material for Goethe's "West-östliche Divan," and we, in our own language, have a number of very accurate and very painstaking and very wooden and sometimes very adroit versions of Oriental poets, but happily the badness of these versions causes them to disappear. Goethe became acquainted with Hafiz in 1811; he plunged into the Eastern poet as a refuge from the noise of falling thrones and trembling empires. The book "Timur" has an obvious reference to the expedition of Napoleon in Russia. And now, coming in this other huge war, we may ask whether Miss Lawrence Smith is the spiritual great-granddaughter of Goethe? But, apart from all such things, the simple fact remains that the merit of this book about Mu'tamid is in inverse proportion to its size. It is a book worth sending to the trenches.

H. B.

* "The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville." Rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith, with an Introduction. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

THE IRISH ABROAD.*

There is a library of books, in several languages, dealing with Irish individualities and phases of Irish achievement abroad. Practically every country in Europe has Irish associations, and the record carries us over hundreds of years. The story of the Irish in America, spacious as it is, is quite modern in comparison. The writer who would do justice in one volume to the vivid and varied story would be an artist if not a genius. Mr. O'Donnell, who has strong Irish sympathies and has accomplished a certain amount of research, lets us see at a very early stage that in this direction at any rate he is not an artist, and that he has not given anything approaching adequate attention to certain lines and phases of his subject or to the fitting presentation of the actual material he has amassed.

His first chapter, "How the Irish Came to Go Abroad" is one of the most disappointing of all; the references to the early missionaries and teachers are scrappy and perfunctory, and great personalities of European note are not even mentioned. Succeeding chapters on the Irish in Liverpool, London, etc., are unsatisfactory in other respects; the recital sometimes degenerates into a sort of catalogue, and treats on occasion of personages whose Irish characteristics or sympathies were doubtful or dim indeed. On the other hand the inclusion of such writers as "A. E." and Standish O'Grady, practically all the time at home in Ireland, is distinctly puzzling. In treating of institutions of which he probably has actual experience, like the Irish Literary and Irish Texts Societies and the Gaelic League of London, Mr. O'Donnell conveys very little sense of actuality, to say nothing of vividness.

Naturally, he devotes many pages to the Irish in France, and the scheme of his record carries him into Italy, Spain, Germany, and further afield. Much of the recital is an oft-told tale to some readers, but to the multitude in Britain it is mostly new, at any rate in detail. Mr. O'Donnell has collected a series of potentially interesting and enlightening facts, but his sense of proportion is unhappy, he often wanders, and his incidental slips are numerous. He also argues too much, and his criticism of ill-informed or prejudiced writers on Irish folk and affairs does not help matters; a serene and graphic presentation of the truth were immeasurably better. The book has little trials both for those who know and those who do not know. To persevere and get the best out of it requires a certain patience.

W. P. R.

BUCHAN AND BUCCANEERS.†

Not by any means buccaneers only. Redskins, too, play their decisive parts in this romance, which would have been called "Stevensonian" if every other reviewer had not already given it the adjective. The only criticism that

* "The Irish Abroad." By Elliot O'Donnell. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

† "Salute to Adventurers." By John Buchan. 6s. (Nelson.)

can be made of this sort of book is that it is impossible now for the unexpected ever to happen in it. We expect and get surprises, and are never truly surprised. It is exhilarating, spirited, stirring, well-finished, deftly-managed, admirably written; but not one of us whose ways are spent among fiction-books is unaware that yon bonnie lassie who sang the bit song on the braeside was destined to be the heroine and the hero's bride; that Muckle John Gib, the Burley-like Scots fanatic, was to turn up again and play his fit part in mightier darker doings than as a roving conventicle-hack; that Red Ringan of the flaming pow and blue eyes, gentle heart and warrior prowess, was to do his fine fighting and come to his fine ending, just as happens to be. We have read this sort of story many a time before and shall doubtless read it many a time in the future; and a good thing too! For here is true romance, the clash and the flash and the stir of it, written by one who finds play in his ploy, and has the arts and craft to make of it a joyous business.

As to the tale itself there is nothing to frown about. It keeps the wits alive and the attention alert until the happy fulfilment of the last page. Mr. Buchan, with the wizardry of the romanticist, takes his folk of destiny from the hills and valleys of Scotland and sends them by different channels—this one through trading, that one through transportation, here in the spirit of adventure, there because of economic necessity to the young rich land of Virginia. Andrew Garvald, who tells his tale, is that rare thing in this order of book a shrewd trader, early coming to loggerheads with the "silken gentry" who keep fashion and its foibles alive in the virgin forest, even at the very doors of the wilderness where the redskins lurk. Ah, those Indians! It is joy to meet them again in the valleys of adventure. Mr. Buchan has no niggardliness in the brute business of fighting. His hero is a lad of more mettle than Andrew gives himself credit for: in the very first pages he is up and at 'em, like the Guards at Waterloo or an Irish terrier. What he did in Scotland Andrew repeats almost *ad nauseam*—with duelling and derring-do—in the Virginian settlement and forests. It is dare and do all the time: so much dare and so much do that anyone but a Scotsman's Scottish hero would surely have succumbed eventually to the trials of fire and fighting that assailed this trading venturer—but no, not he! One person, at least, is a little too good to be true. Shalah is too refined and wonderful for anything. He is rather more like an archangel than a savage—his perfections are so complete. Without him the whites and all else must have failed. If Mr. Buchan had made him a little less faultlessly wonderful, it would have helped the book. Shalah could have played his part well, even with a little more of that human nature which is part and parcel of the primitives whose ways are inevitably marked by the traces of tribal fierceness and blood.

It is, however, unnecessary, as it would be ungrateful, to find fault with "Salute to Adventurers." It is Mr. Buchan's purpose to provide for his readers relief from the anxieties of these fighting times with the entertainment of—more fighting. The book serves its writer's end. Reading it relieves the mental stress, the nervous strain, we all must endure; and that is its justification; for it is good telling well told, and such helpful, hearty stuff that it makes excellent mind-fare for soldiers and sailors resting from duty; and this reviewer's copy goes by way of the post-office to some ship or trench to ease and gladden the recreation of fighters.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A CRITIC OF ANATOLE FRANCE.*

Mr. George's little book on Anatole France, in the admirable "Writers of the Day" series, is one of the most disconcerting critiques I have ever read. For several reasons, it makes practically no attempt whatever to interpret the artistic method of our only modern tragi-comedian, and at the same time it elbows off, *en passant*, as Mr. George might say, casual statements of the most provocative and controversial kind, which need a whole architecture of argument to establish them. It gives elaborate *précis* of the contents of "Penguin Island," the "Contemporary History," and one or two others, and it dismisses "Histoire Comique," the most starkly terrible story Anatole France ever wrote, as an "intellectual exercise"; it barely mentions "At the Sign of the Reine Rédauque," "Balthasar," and "The Garden of Epicurus," and it abbreviates "Life and Letters," the quintessence of Anatole France's literary faith, in a couple of pages, mainly devoted to quotation. It tells us darkly that his style is polished and luminous; that he is a votary of intellectual paganism; that he dislikes superstition; that he loves the Catholic idealism of the Middle Ages; that "what is, is, and what may be, may be," is the epitome of his religion; that he is a hedonist without moral purpose, and that the foundation of his literary temper is sensuality; that his satire is genial "with perhaps a tear or two in its laughter," and that the horses who draw the satiric chariot are Irony and Pity. According to Mr. George, Anatole France's democratic connections and their apparent denial in "The Gods are Athirst," can be explained, because the artist "can hold simultaneously divergent views"; that his conception of love is exclusively materialistic; that he can laugh at everybody but himself; that he is not a bit more original than Mr. Shaw, and, in short, he "is not easy to understand," because "he is merely what he is."

What a conglomerate of commonplace, and unsubstantiated at that! I put these inconsequential statements one after another deliberately, because Mr. George, having written this book without method and unity, is committed to the Goddess of Inconsequence, and, in so doing, he has done Anatole France an injustice. No wonder that he is doubtful of posterity's reception to him! The truth is that Mr. George has taken his subject altogether too lightly and haphazardly. Can Mr. George really think that the supreme satirist of our generation is without moral purpose? You might as well say that Swift, Rabelais, Voltaire, or Mr. Shaw are without moral purpose. Who could have written "Penguin Island" without a devouring, a missionary sense of moral values? What is the paint of satire, unless it is generated by a love of humanity? You may be sure that the more a man laughs at the world, the more he means you to take him seriously, and Mr. George emphatically does not take Anatole France seriously enough. He lectures him, he indulges him, he pets him, he even admires him; but he regards him only decoratively, as the means to gratify an agreeable æsthetic sensation. Again, it is only a half-truth to declare that love with Anatole France is solely "a matter of skin." Look at the sublime love of Sylvestre Bonnard for his granddaughter. Mr. George would have it that it is only a quixotic fancy. I doubt if Anatole France is ever cynical even in his inexcusable view of sexual love. His libertines are never cruel; they are tender even in their debaucheries. The reason why his attitude to sexual love is hedonistic is partly because of his artistic predilections, partly because his morality has a generic rather than a personal implication.

But it is not so much that Mr. George is wrong in his estimate of Anatole France, but that he has not penetrated deeper into the accepted generalisations about him. His criticisms are left, so to speak, *in vacuo*. He has not discovered the underlying, unifying, reconciling principle that informs this multiform genius. He simply takes the occasional manifestations of it, marks them, and passes on. Mr. George's monograph is pleasant reading, but too airy, too disconnected, and far, far too slight to be an intimate, original portrait of a great genius.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

* "Anatole France." By W. L. George. 1s. net (Nisbet.)

AN AID TO STUDY.*

The appropriateness of the title chosen by Mr. Courtney is not very evident, but that will not interfere with our appreciation of his work, which is a step in the right direction. Briefly put, his endeavour has been to arrange the books in their chronological order, while prefaces are added to each discussing the chronology and the authorship. What gain does the "literary man" derive from this? By having the writings before him as they followed one another in actual time, he can see better how the Church grew, how Christianity itself grew, how the creed was built up to suit the enlarging environment. Peculiarly happy and suggestive in this connection is the editor's remark that "a sect of believers mostly of peasant origin, who did not wish to break with Judaism, observed, no doubt, with wonder and consternation an enlargement of the whole field of their work." The consequences upon the creed of that "enlargement," the progress of that gradual "breaking with Judaism" are studied most easily in a New Testament arranged chronologically. The growth in the idea of the personality of the Messiah and of His second coming forms another absorbingly interesting subject of study which is assisted by this volume.

To ascribe a chronology at all is much less difficult now when critics are returning to ways of sanity, than when the Germans were raging like bulls in a china shop. The weakest point in Mr. Courtney's chronology seems to us to be the late date given to Revelations. He himself confesses that the first thirteen verses of chapter xi. must have been written before the fall of Jerusalem, and most critics judge it to be a Neronian document, written by St. John the Divine in A.D. 70.

As to authorship, and what is by far the most difficult problem in that connection, the authorship of St. John's Gospel, Mr. Courtney suspends his judgment, though he quotes Mr. Rendel Harris's discoveries of 1909 to show that the thought in the Gospel is far less Alexandrian, and therefore far more harmonious with St. John's environment, than was previously supposed. Hebrews he assigns fairly confidently to Apollos, but there is an equal weight of probability in favour of Barnabas being the author. As for the origin of the Synoptic Gospels he adopts the theory now in vogue that Mark's Gospel was the first compilation, to which Matthew and Luke added from the "Logia" and from "Q," a document containing discourses. Mr. Courtney dismisses somewhat airily the theory, promulgated, we believe, by Dr. Petrie, of a nucleus, on making additions to which Mark and Luke collaborated side by side somewhere about A.D. 55, unknown to St. Luke. He makes no allusion to one very significant feature—the beautifully-told Birth narrative in Luke i. and ii., the writer of which, though not formally naming his authority, does not leave it doubtful whose authority he had. And it would have been well if in the text of the Gospels some intimation had been given as to where one source ended and another began; some intimation for example,, might have been given of Luke's indebtedness to "Q" for the long passage ix. 51 to xviii. 14. Mr. Courtney's careful and most interesting work will be of the greatest service to students of the New Testament and New Testament history.

W. A. F.

A LONDON FAMILY.†

When I was reading two of Mr. Pett Ridge's recent novels I thought they showed signs of a falling off in those qualities of humour and characterisation that are peculiarly his own; that certain quaintnesses of style were hardening into mannerisms and growing a little mechanical; that he was cultivating a trick of allusiveness to such an extent that it was ceasing to be pleasantly suggestive and forced one now and then to pause and dig for his meaning. It is quite likely the fault was mine, and that I chanced to read those books when I was not in the right mood for them. However that may be, it caused me to open "The Kennedy People" with some misgivings, but before I had finished reading the first chapter they were dissipated, and before I was half through I was so interested in the story, and subdued by the humour and pathos and the genial, shrewd humanity of it all that I gave myself to it unreservedly and read it with the most complete enjoyment. Mr. Pett Ridge is himself again and at his very best in these pages. Indeed, I am inclined to rank "The Kennedy People" first among all his books.

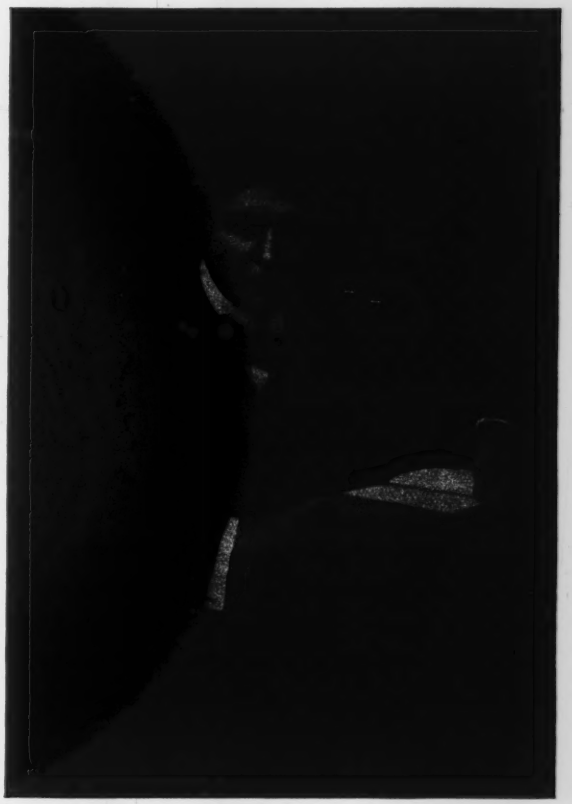


Photo by Scott's Studios, Regents Park. **Mr. W. Pett Ridge.**

It is a study in three generations of a London family. You begin with the successful, self-made man George Kennedy, on the day when his son Robert is getting married; you have a wonderfully vivid, condensed, but detailed, view of Robert's dashing, foolish, disastrous career as head of the business after his father's death; and close with the childhood and youth of his son, a second George Kennedy, who disciplined by misfortune and the influence of an excellent mother, gives promise of atoning for the weaknesses and follies of his father and retrieving the fortunes of the family. These are the merest bare bones of the story, but Mr. Pett Ridge clothes them in the very stuff of life, and makes them live with an art that is as true as it is unobtrusive. The first George, founder of the family, is an admirable bit of characterisation; you have him minutely realised in a few pages—a shrewd, keen man of business, swollen with pride in his success, touched with little vulgarities and something of human grossness, and with a human love for his son of which he is reticent. Robert, that son, is pictured with no less skill and no less intimate knowledge of humanity—he is shallow, unstable, with all his father's big opinion of himself, and none of his father's business acumen; and the boyhood and youth of young George is as ably and as sympathetically presented. But perhaps the two characters that most completely capture the reader's affections are the delightfully humorous, sturdily

* "The Literary Man's New Testament." By W. L. Courtney. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Kennedy People." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

independent Uncle Albert, old George's elder brother, who makes a living as an unattached waiter; and Cicely, Robert's wife, the wholly charming mother of young George. She is, I think, without exception, the happiest, most natural and womanly of Mr. Pett Ridge's feminine creations. For the narrative itself, it is cleverly imagined and full of interest; so, too, are the many and varied other characters who play their parts in it. "The Kennedy People" will delight the wide public Mr. Pett Ridge has made his own, and should add considerably to its numbers.

C. W.

THE SUPER-JINGO.*

The first book on our list is a companion to one issued last year by the same publishers, and reviewed in THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS NUMBER. It is, on the whole, a more attractive volume than its predecessor, both in range of subject and in vigour of treatment. Indeed, those who can away with its anti-English bias will find it a stimulating and even enjoyable blend of European politics and history. The short lecture on Gustavus Adolphus, for example, is an interesting specimen of the historical essay written by the expert for the general reader; it belongs to the same order of work as Macaulay's "Ranke," and makes an excellent pendant thereto. Just at the moment, however, Treitschke is likely to be read more as prophecy than as history. How far, the reader will ask, has the course of present events followed the lines of Treitschke's vision? Not very far. He was right in seeing that after the war with France must come a war with England; but in subsidiary details he was badly wrong. Thus, he writes as if it were a foregone conclusion that Germany and Russia would be firm allies against crafty England and debased Turkey. He foresaw, with high moral disgust, the coming time when the heathen troops of the Empress of India, accompanied by the blessings of pious clergymen, would fight in fellowship with the troops of the Crescent against Northern civilisation. Indeed, he can hardly find words bad enough for the Turks; and now we see what we see! Of England he writes with a bitterness of accusation that is as coarse as it is ludicrously wrong. Our national sins are many; but they are not those alleged by Treitschke. We are not "a reactionary force in the society of nations"; we are not eager to support obsolete autocracies abroad and "to suppress the young ideals of the century"; we are not "the champions of barbarism" in law and warfare; we did not show Italy "feeble and entirely unhelpful sympathy" in her struggle for national unity; we did not "enthuse for the brutality of American slave-holders."

Amid his loud asseveration of our decadence and our vulnerability at a hundred points, there is, however, one note of disquiet that time has justified, one prophecy that has not failed:

> "England still exhibits powerful energy in the splendid achievement of its social life, and it might easily happen again that, should she believe herself imperilled in her vital commercial interests, she will yet stagger humanity by bold determination."

On the strength of this, let us call Treitschke a prophet, even though it is not merely for commercial interests that we have drawn the sword and entered into a war quite passionately undesired by most of us. No thought of commerce troubled the mind of all the millions who recognised with bitter pain and sorrow that there was but one course before this nation. The fact is that the modern governmental German seems to be incapable of understanding what is meant by honour.

The second book on our list is distinctly the best that has appeared on this subject. It is not a bare translation of lectures, but a careful study of Treitschke's whole message and development. It focusses attention quite properly on his last and most aggressive speeches, but it does not forget that there was an earlier, saner Treitschke expressing views that, for their place and time, can only be called surprisingly liberal. We could wish that Mr. Davis had not been quite so sparing of biographical facts. Something more in the way of personalia would have brought a pleasant touch of refreshment into a book that errs a little on the side of aridity. However, that is purely a matter of taste, and so, instead of dwelling on it, we hasten to thank the author generally for a useful volume, and specially for his full account of Treitschke's earlier essays, and the opportunity he thus gives us of seeing how the violence of Treitschke in his last phase is merely the narrowing down of the philosophic breadth displayed in his first utterances. Treitschke's passage from comparative liberalism to unqualified reaction might be profitably compared and contrasted with the similar change in Burke. Perhaps someone will draw the parallel—we have no space for it here.

Treitschke the super-Jingo began as a Liberal. Such conversions have happened before and since; moreover, in his case, the change was less a conversion than a development. In the 'fifties a politically-minded German was either a particularist, favouring the independent monarchy of all German states, big and little, or else a federalist, favouring a union of these states in some form and to some degree. The particularists were the reactionary, "as-our-fathers-were-before-us" party, and their centre of gravity was Austria; the federalists were the more enlightened, progressive party, and their centre of gravity was Prussia. Treitschke firmly believed that there was a great future for a united Germany and no future at all for a disunited Germany; and so, though he was not a Prussian, he became the fervent advocate of the Prussian ideal. And here English people can hardly find fault with him. This very realm of ours is a United Kingdom; the separate little colonies of Englishmen in America grew mightily when they united for common action; Canada, Australia and South Africa have all, in recent times, united their independent divisions into great Commonwealths; and many eloquent proposals have been made for uniting all the British dependencies into one colossal Imperial Federation. *Viribus unitis* was Treitschke's text: it is a very British maxim.

The sequel is Prussian. Having seen united Germany safely born as a great Continental Power, Treitschke was eager to make it grow into a great World Power. He had always had his eye on England as an example of ruthless expansion; and so he invited his countrymen to despoil the despoiler and replace English muddling by Prussian efficiency. He belonged to an age of hurry. He forgot that England's colonial empire had been growing for nearly four centuries; he wanted, so to speak, an empire in a fortnight. He forgot that a country must be able not only to swallow but to digest. He forgot that England had begun blundering into empire (in its own inimitable way) when there was no kingdom of Prussia, and when much of the Mark of Brandenburg itself was highly suitable territory for a colony of backwoodsmen. England had the instinct rather than the will for colonial expansion; Germany had the will but not the instinct. The will can be stirred by eloquence and exhortation; the instinct can be evoked only by centuries of adventure and endeavour. The imperialism that Treitschke taught in his Berlin days was the easy and popular imperialism of King Melvas in Peacock's novel. The strong, said Treitschke, in effect, have the right to take whatever they desire by any means they can. English people, taught by the well-known German poet Wilhelm Shakespeare, prefer to believe that it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Treitschke, in fact, allowed himself to be hypnotised by the mechanical efficiency of Prussia—the showy Potsdam ritual that fascinates all stupid people from professors to pantomime girls. Treitschke was very German in that he was a Militant Professor. Germans are the most docile of people. They not only believe all their superiors tell

* "Germany, France, Russia and Islam." By Heinrich von Treitschke. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrold; Allen & Unwin.)—"The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke." By H. C. W. Davis, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 6s. net. (Constable.)

them, but believe it is highly moral so to believe. The Englishman, while willing to obey an order when discipline must be maintained, reserves himself the right to believe that the order was a piece of blithering idiocy on the part of a blithering idiot. The docile German is as persistently professor-ridden as he is officer-ridden. Our own professors have lately shown some signs of incipient Teutonism. Before the war they were enjoining us to bow down to everything German; now with astonishing versatility they are hastening to smash the idol they themselves set up. Well, perhaps one of the minor benefits of the war will be a slump in professors.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

MARIA AGAIN. By Mrs. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

It occurs to us again as it has occured to us before, that if the lamented Mr. Titmarsh had invented a character as a mouth-piece wherefrom to launch some of his sly diatribes on present-day society, he would have arrived at some such character as Maria. When we met her before, she dazzled us with her lively persistence, her preoccupation with the mode, her desperate desire to be in the movement of the upper air, while she entertained us with frank admissions of her own limitations, and made them the more agreeable because we all recognise them to be traits in common with certain persons of our own acquaintance. Alas, they have her shortcomings without her redeeming qualities, her piquant tongue and her resilience under the witty strictures of her inventor. Maria in the present volume grows mellower and more modern, but she is the same Maria. She makes no concealment of her subterfuges, especially the subterfuges that are fancifully supposed to conceal her age. She is a grandmother by evolution of circumstance, but she will never be a grandam in spirit, for she will never be daunted by the attacks of time. She whisks her friends about at her bidding, and she conquers them by borrowing their motors, just as Glorvina O'Dowd half subdued Major Dobbin by making raids upon his horses, his servants, his spoons and palankeen. Snub her as we may, there is no denying Maria; dissociate ourselves as much as we like from her shameless and worldly points of view, we know within our souls that she helps us to see the imperfections of society at large, and does it in the most effective and amusing way. In her dominance of the situation, she reminds us of some favourite male character even more than she "favours" Glorvina. Who can it be? It must be some one wrapped up in his own point of view, and yet continually meddling in other people's business. It must be a personage engrossed in finery and the fashions; "fashionable but expensive—very." Why, there it is! The counterpart of Maria in the fiction of the past is Mr. Toots. He is the better natured and he cherishes an unrequited passion, as Maria does not. But in his vivacity, his originality, his oddity of mind, and truth to nature, we cannot help tracing a likeness between the patron of the Game Chicken and the whimsical, voluble, and irrepressible Maria. She is worthy of her setting, and her setting is framed as ever, in the best spirit of good-natured social satire.

THE HOUSE IN THE DOWNS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Dent.)

The action of this exciting adventure story takes place about a hundred years ago—when an invasion of England by Napoleon was feared. An air of mystery greets us in the opening chapters: a mystery which surrounds the person and business of Richard Challis, who appears at a little village in the Sussex Downs and stays at an old tumble-down mansion called Hale. He poses as a writer who is busy on an historical work; but in reality he is in the secret service of the Government—a spy. A band of smugglers who infest the South Coast, under the leadership of one Captain Noll, suspect him of spying and betraying them, but his work is something bigger than that, and he is more than once in danger of losing his life. There are two women who love him in the tale, and each has the pleasure of saving him on separate occasions. His love, of course, is only for one of them—his gratitude for the other. Challis has a fine character, and the case for the spy who supplies the information so that others can fight in the open is well put. It is an uncommonly interesting story, full of sympathetic character studies and vigorous movement.

BETTY WAYSIDE. By Louis Stone. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This new novel by the author of "Jonah" will be especially appreciated by music-lovers, though it cannot fail to appeal to all who like a strong, realistic story dealing with very natural, and consequently very lovable, human beings. Taking Sydney for his setting, the author weaves a powerful, dramatic romance around an almost strikingly ordinary girl, whose uncommon prettiness and extraordinary musical abilities are the only charms that atone for a somewhat shallow vanity and a seeming lack of ideals. Walter Chippendale, a brilliant young composer, is a masterly character-study; Mr. Stone's skill at portraying character is throughout an important feature of the book; though we cannot help wishing that he were a little less ready to laugh at human weaknesses—despite the fact that he makes us laugh so readily with him. There is scarcely a person in the novel who does not contribute his or her share of humour; and none more so than Betty's uncle "the Colonel,"—called by that title because of his military bearing and moustaches, and the general impression he creates of having some connection with the army; though in reality he has nothing of the kind, and is an idle old rascal who lives on his daughters and sponges on his friends. The story deals chiefly with the love affair of Betty and Walter Chippendale, the obstacles that come between them, the failures and successes of each as pianist and composer, and the doings of the particular circle in which they move. It is a book that grips—a book with an atmosphere, absorbingly interesting, and written in a strong, vivacious style with an undercurrent of genuine humour that ever and anon bubbles to the surface like a natural spring.

Photo by Rudolph Buchner, Sydney. **Mr. Louis Stone.**

THE JACKET. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a strangely conceived novel written apparently with the dual purpose of exposing the brutality of a present-day prison system, and of firing the imagination with the fascinating doctrine of reincarnation. It may be said at once that, quite apart from this dual purpose, or rather by a brilliant use of it, Mr. Jack London has contrived to pack within the covers of his latest novel an amazing wealth of adventure-lore belonging to many countries and many centuries. At first sight, reincarnation and the strait-jacket do not make a very promising or well-assorted pair of horses for a journey into the realms of romance. But Professor Darrell Standing, serving a life sentence in the State prison of California and bullied and jacketed into an "incorrigible," learns by a little knuckle-talk with a fellow prisoner how to escape the horrors of solitary confinement and the straight-jacket and roam at large through time and space. While his persecutors survey him, a mere bag of bones trussed up unconscious in the brutal jacket, Darrell Standing with a smile on his lips, is reliving his past lives on this planet. Mr. London's astonishing versatility has never been better displayed than in the vivid glimpses he affords of this panorama of lives. He takes us to Paris, where Standing in the rôle of a gallant French nobleman engages in a series of duels, with a Pope and a fair lady in the background; to Korea, where as a shipwrecked Englishman Standing wins the heart of the Lady Om, rises to fame, is outwitted by a rival, and endures forty years of beggary before his hour of vengeance strikes; to Egypt, to Galilee in the time of Christ, to America and the Mormons, to a castaway's desert island, and away back to nameless tribes and places. And through all these past lives can be traced that passionate anger, that red wrath which is the cause of his present downfall and has lodged him in Murderers' Row under the hangman's shadow. Death, however, holds no terrors for this dauntless spirit: "After the dark I shall live again. . . . And though the stars drift and the heavens lie, ever remains woman, resplendent, eternal, the one woman, as I, under all my masquerades and misadventures, am the one man, her mate." As a prison story, "The Jacket" is a bitter, and at times a violent indictment of the practice of solitary confinement and straight-jacketing. As an adventure story, it is a stirring kaleidoscopic record of man's infinite capacity for daring and roving and loving in every clime in every age. From whichever point of view one chooses to regard the book, Mr. Jack London has scored a distinct success.

ALLIES. By John England. Edited by J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A war story, this, necessarily, not very fresh perhaps in its setting, but fresh enough in its quartette—or rather its quadruple entente—of youthful heroes, who determine to have a taste of war and a fling at the Huns despite their tender age and the opposition of an unsympathetic uncle. John England and his Russian school chum, Ivan, are in Paris when the war breaks out, and if ever boys need an excuse for running away whether to sea or to war, these boys had theirs in the infectious marching of troops past their window, in the irksome restraint put upon them by Uncle Jasper, and above all, in the pitiful story of German outrage and murder which they hear from the lips of a young Alsatian lad named Denys. So off they go to Belgium, John and Ivan and Denys, armed with rucksacs, revolvers and mackintoshes, an irresponsible, unofficial, whimsical trio that travels to the fighting line (and beyond) by taxi, train, barge and bicycle. And always behind them looms the sinister figure of Uncle Jasper scouring the country for them in a royal-blue car. In Flanders, of course, they pick up the fourth member of the youthful entente, and their adventures and misadventures with spies and refugees and the treacherous and ever-encroaching enemy give them a sufficient taste of war to last them to a garrulous old age. "Allies" should prove a thrilling yarn for boys and for grown-ups who have still enough of the boy in them to respond to the rousing call of romance.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS. By Bruno Lessing. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Of all the phenomena of life the most curious—to me, at least," says Mr. Lessing in the opening paragraph of one of his chapters, "has always been the tendency of one thing to lead to another. No sooner do you extricate yourself from one dilemma than you find yourself in another so closely related and consequent upon the first that they might actually be mother and child." It was probably this thought that led to the making of this book. Having a few Jewish characters hanging round in his mind, the author thought of a dilemma for them, plunged them into it, and then found the easiest path from that into another, and so on. There is nothing really exciting about either the characters or the incidents, but all the same they do lead one to follow their fortunes to the end. The prime mover in the story is Lapidowitz, the schnorrer. If we remember aright, Mr. Israel Zangwill defined a schnorrer simply as a beggar; perhaps the definition of a schoolboy given here—anent Mr. Lapidowitz—is better, thus: "A schnorrer is a bum what don't work and aint no good." The amusing schnorring—if we may use the word—of Lapidowitz furnishes most of the incident, and to anyone who desires a pleasantly interesting story of the Jews in New York we can recommend Mr. Lessing's book, "With the Best Intentions."

The Bookman's Table.

CASSANDRA IN TROY. By John Mavrogordato. 5s. net. (Martin Secker.)

Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, is loved by Apollo, who offers her the gift of seeing into the future in return for her love, but after she has accepted the gift she refuses him, partly from fear of his godhood, partly because she yearns towards the homelier love of a mortal man. Apollo unable to take back the power he has given her, kisses her lips, so that when she prophecies of the things she has foreseen, nobody shall believe her. Then, with the fall of Troy, comes Agamemnon, who loves her and takes her away as his wife, despite the doom she foretells for both of them. That is the ancient story, and here Mr. Mavrogordato subtly ends his tragedy, for since all her foretellings are ignored but come true, the sequel is a foregone conclusion. The tragedy is written with a fine restraint and simplicity in a measured prose that is poetry in all but form. "Will you bring me back my brothers who are dead?" Cassandra asks of Apollo, as the price of her love, and he answers her:

"Can I turn backwards the procession of the world? If three or four men were busy in the dust, and made their swords flash in the sun a little while, and are gone back into the dust; shall the urging on of life be recalled, or the spheres murmuring one to another be silenced? Your brothers are dead, but you are alive, and lovely."

CASSANDRA: "O how you are still far away. O cold and distant one, come down from the spaces where the stars sing about you like birds. . . ."

There are satirical touches in the fluttered talk of the captive Trojan women, some defiant of their captors, some not unwilling to be carried off by the victorious Greeks; but it is the poetry and passion of idea and utterance that make Mr. Mavrogordato's drama memorable. He has caught no little of the high spirit of Greek tragedy, and has recast the old legend without losing anything of the simplicity, the pity or the strange beauty of it.

POLAND AND THE POLISH QUESTION. Impressions and Afterthoughts. By Ninian Hill. 10s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)

A writer who aims, as Mr. Ninian Hill seems to aim, at giving a popular and easily understandable statement of such a distracting problem as "Poland and the Polish

Question," should be a combination of traveller, historian, publicist and prophet. He must be acquainted with the physical and political features of the country; he must know the history, the civilisation and the temperament of its people; he must be a descriptive writer sufficiently gifted to give pen-pictures of its capital towns; and he must be cool observer enough not to find too facile a solution for the many difficulties that seem to forbid Poland from really becoming a nation once more. On the whole, Mr. Hill has done his work well. His history of Poland is lucid and concise; his account of the treatment meted out to their Polish subjects by Prussia, Russia, and Austria respectively is written with knowledge obtained at first hand; while his descriptions of the three Polish capitals, Posen, Cracow, and Warsaw, enable the reader to get a really good idea of what these famous towns look like. Those who want to get an insight into the historical, economic and ethnological aspects of the Polish question can learn a good deal from Mr. Hill's unassuming but very informing pages.

SERBIA: Her People, History, and Aspirations. By Woislav M. Petrovitch. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Although war is a demoralising influence in many ways, it has a certain valuable educational effect upon the peoples of the nations involved. For one thing, it interests them in the customs, characteristics, and history of their friends and foes. Thus the British people are now anxious to learn something of Serbia, a country of whose traditions and aspirations they were, before the war, almost wholly ignorant, and with which they were largely unconcerned. To satisfy this desire for information a number of books have recently appeared, and we can heartily recommend the one before us. It is divided into two parts: the first deals with the history of Serbia, and the second is devoted to the national beliefs and customs of the country. "It was at the beginning of the seventh century that the Serbs, who lived as a patriarchal people in the country now known as Galicia, descended to the shores of the Black Sea, thence moved westward along the northern bank of the Danube, and crossing the river, settled in the kingdom of Old Serbia." And ever since then they have been struggling for national integrity and independence. Their foe was for centuries the Turk. Now they are faced with a more terrible foe, but it is to be hoped that, helped as they are by the most powerful and enlightened nations in Europe, they will achieve that for which they have so long striven. Their belief and customs are as interesting and strange as we might expect. Superstitions which we are apt to regard as dead in civilised Europe still persist. The good Serbian peasant sees portents and omens in every change in nature; he is, in short, one of the children in the great family of European nations; and M. Petrovitch has portrayed him for us with loving care.

LOVES OF THE POETS. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 7s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

If Mr. Vizetelly has failed to produce a satisfactory book upon a subject which suggests much that is interesting and not a little that is important in the history of literature, it is because he has attempted to cover far too large a field. It is impossible, within the limits of 280 pages, to give much more than a list of the names of the women who came into the lives of the many poets referred to in this volume. It is the romance of a love story, not the log book of it, that matters, as Mr. Vizetelly himself remarks, and of the romance that influenced all these poets in their work, Mr. Vizetelly fails to conjure up a gleam. In sum his text is only an amplification of his index, useful perhaps to compilers of other books that no doubt will yet be written, but not valuable, so far as we can perceive, for any light it throws into the queer recesses of the imaginative mind, or for any new contribution to history or philosophy. Only a desire for prosaic completeness could warrant, for instance, the inclusion of the record given here of Andrew Marvell's marriage. Mr. Vizetelly seems

'Reach me down.'

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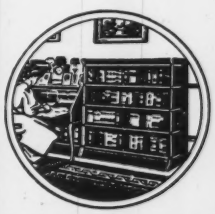

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to suggest that a touch of romance may be an explanation of the unusual, and that therefore there may have been romance behind the fact that this particular Member of Parliament married his landlady. But he does not elaborate the theory, and if desire for completeness was the only reason for the inclusion of the case he might just as well have reproduced the marriage certificate—if, of course, it could be found. And many other poets' "loves" might have been omitted with equal prudence, so giving room for some reproduction of the subtle but vitalising atmosphere brought by women into the lives of men. This book is journalism, not literature. The compiler seems to have worked from a list, conscientiously and laboriously, and in the event he has produced a work that may be as complete as a railway A.B.C. but is scarcely so stirring to the imagination.

A TALE OF A TUB. By Ben Jonson. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by Florence May Snell, Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Proverbs and metaphors in plenty, characterisation as clever as may be found elsewhere in Jonson's works, local allusions sufficient to fill the portfolio of any painstaking topographer or antiquary of the north London suburbs, a light but penetrating vein of satire (*e.g.*, "a gentleman and a half—nearly a Knight"), more than one "problem" (as that of the Vitruvius Hoop-Inigo Jones matter, that of the influence on the author of the old ballad of "The Turnament of Tottenham Court," and that of the date at which the play was written), but a scrambling, runaway, in-and-in or rather out-and-out medley of a plot amply justifying Preamble's exclamation in Act V.:

"All is turn'd
Here to confusion; we ha' lost our plot"—

these are the main points of "A Tale of a Tub." Miss Snell's addition to the Yale Studies in English, the tenth of the series devoted to Jonson, is very welcome. Gifford and others have passed over the play too cavalierly. We know nothing of its contemporary fate, save that it was produced at Court in 1634, and "not liked." We know nothing about its production on the stage since that date. First printed in 1640, it was not until 1913 that it was procurable in a separate edition—in Germany. Miss Snell, while fully aware of its defects as drama, puts a discerning finger on its neglected qualities—jollity, actuality, life. And in maintaining that it was one of the last drops from Jonson's quill, she confutes Collier and makes out a case for the revision of Dryden's reference to the author's "dotages." The text here given is a careful study of the 1640 folio, presumably the stage version. The introductory comments concern the various editions of the text, the date of the play, and its openings to criticism. Following the text are explanatory notes, a glossary, a bibliography, and an index. Miss Snell has taken what may be called a conservative view of her task. For example, several critics have taken up the question of Inigo Jones's identification with Lanthorn Leatherhead in "Bartholomew Fair." Miss Snell notes the interest of the suggestion, but dismisses it as seeming to have no bearing on the present play. That is as it may be. The Harleian MS. 690 of Selden's "Table Talk" gives the words "Inigo Lanthorn," and this appears to us to have some bearing on the personal aspect of "A Tale of a Tub," which brought it under the censorship. Then the selection by Jonson of the name Vitruvius for Inigo Jones deserved some comment. One other minor matter may be referred to. Gifford has a note at the end of Act V. Scene 6 of the folio: "Here 'A Tale of a Tub' ended when it was presented on the stage and before the Court." Miss Snell throws no light on this statement, nor does she seem to refer to it. But every student of Jonson will be grateful for her work, her lucid "placing" of the play as a satire on the ideas and customs of certain classes, and her happy insistence on the permanence of the chief characters of this comedy of fools.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

"This volume was not put forward as a series of literary studies," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, in the preface to the new edition of his **Affirmations** (6s. net). Surely this is an unnecessary disclaimer in view of the frankness with which the author defined his purpose in the original preface. "In this book," he said, "I deal with questions of life as they are expressed in literature, or as they are suggested by literature. Throughout I am discussing morality as revealed or disguised by literature. . . . So far as possible I dwell most on those aspects of my subjects which are most questionable. It was once brought against me that I had a predilection for such aspects. Assuredly it is so. If a subject is not questionable it seems to me a waste of time to discuss it. Our best energies should be spent in attacking and settling questionable things, that so we may enlarge the sphere of the unquestionable—the sphere of real life—and be ready to meet new questions as they arise." A fresh reading of Mr. Ellis's second volume of essays serves, however, only to deepen the impression which the penetrating and antiseptic quality of the writer's criticisms and the intellectual honesty of his attitude originally made. In these studies of Nietzsche, Casanova, Zola, Huysmans and St. Francis, though he is for ever dealing with the two cardinal facts of life, religion and sex, Mr. Ellis makes no attempt to shock the burgesses on the one hand, or to evade plain issues on the other,

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

The Turmoil, by Paul Urquhart (6s.), is a frankly melodramatic story with a villain who out-villains the Iron Pirate, and a hero who is not such a fool as he looks. Hugh Purcell has every right to be considered foolish: fourteenth and youngest son of Lord Loughmore, an official in the Boot Department of the War Office, with a dudish drawl and a pet eyeglass, he nevertheless contrives to give a manly account of himself in his dealings with a world-group of anarchists, who with the help of a half-crazed Scottish inventor are busy preparing an airship which is to rain death and destruction on kings and presidents alike. Hugh is despatched by the British Government on a secret mission to France to get particulars of this future conqueror of the air, and incidentally he succeeds in recovering from the clutches of the anarchists the girl of his heart's desire. The mystery surrounding this girl is cleverly sustained, and the vitality of the story never flags from the first page to the last.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo (10s. 6d. net) re-awakens the scandals connected with the case of Hugo, Ste. Beuve, Juliette Drouet and Mme. Hugo. Much literature has already clothed the personalities and passions of these literary people, from Ste. Beuve's "Livre d'Amour" to Alphonse Karr's novel. The defenders of Hugo declare that he sought the companionship of Juliette because he was an injured husband, whose wife intrigued with his friend. The advocates of Mme. Hugo find in her a much-wronged woman. These letters of Juliette Drouet do not throw much light on the subject. We perceive from them that she worshipped Hugo and believed him to be a great genius, and that she was a sensible, affectionate creature. There was something Oriental in her devotion to Hugo. The letters are long, and sometimes long-winded, full of detail and often tender and *intime*. M. Simon's "Vie d'une Femme" gives a clearer and colder account of the love affairs of the Hugos than either Juliette's letters or Ste. Beuve's books.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The Sherlockian reader who delights in solving the author's carefully-guarded mystery by a shrewd guess at the end of chapter one has, in **The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet,** by Burton E. Stevenson (6s.), a task worthy of his mettle. He may not, perhaps, find it difficult to connect the Boule cabinet with its first two victims; he may even (as in the case of the present writer) pride himself on forecasting correctly the extraordinary means by which these unlucky individuals met their death. But let his pride keep within bounds; there are pitfalls ahead. As a matter of fact—or rather of fiction—the Boule cabinet conceals not one but two distinct and separate mysteries, and it is by skilfully utilising the confusion arising from the simultaneous unravelling of this pretty pair of tangles that the author succeeds in baffling his readers and arousing their interest to fever point. The exquisite Boule cabinet is despatched from Paris, apparently in error, to the New York house of Philip Vantine, an art connoisseur, and shortly afterwards in quick succession the dead bodies of a strange Frenchman and of Vantine himself are discovered in a room opening into that in which the cabinet is stored. Each victim has two tiny wounds on the back of the hand above the knuckles. It is soon evident that several parties are interested in the cabinet, one Crochard in particular—a most engaging and audacious rascal, whose exploits under the very nose of his pursuers make breathless reading. Next to Crochard, the clever man of the story is Jim Godfrey, the *Record's* star reporter, whose feud with Commissioner Grady, head of New York's detective bureau, provides an exciting accompaniment to the mystery proper.